Heritage and Destiny

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A.K. Chesterton's
The New Unhappy Lords

Reissued 1965 classic by founder of League of Empire Loyalists and NF

Reviewed by Ian Freeman

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Churchill's Bribery Plot Exposed
Cavalry of St George
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Editor: Mark Cotterill: Assistant Editors: Martin Kerr and Peter Rushton
Webmaster: Andy Ritchie: Sales Manager: Anne Wright
Patrons: Jock Spooner, Robert Smith and Jamie Begg, B.A.
UK address: 40 Birkett Drive, Preston, Lancashire, PR2 6HE, Great Britain
U.S. address: P. O. Box 6501, Falls Church, Virginia 22046, USA
Tel: (44) 07833 677484: Website: www.heritageandestiny.com
ISSN 1741-8941: Electronic Mail: heritageanddestiny@yahoo.com
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Editorial

Welcome to issue 58 of *Heritage and Destiny.* As many of you will already know I have recently returned from a two-week visit to Australia. I was able to make this trip of a life-time thanks to two Australian *H&D* subscribers – both ex-pat Brits – who financed the whole visit. To them I am eternally grateful.

For most of my visit I stayed just outside the town of Port Adelaide, a white suburb about a half hour's drive from the city of Adelaide, which is the state capital of South Australia (SA).

While Down Under, I met a number of nationalists from a variety of different groups, including: One Nation Party, Australia First Party, British Australian Community and The Adelaide Institute (headed by Fred Toben).

Although no official meetings took place, several informal discussions were held with fellow nationalists on a number of different topics, including how to increase sales and subscriptions of *H&D* in Australia and future closer cooperation between nationalists in both countries.

However it was not all politics and while in the Adelaide area I attended a football match at the Coopers Stadium, home of Adelaide United FC and a cricket game (between SA and Tasmania) at the famous Oval Stadium, which hosted the second test match between Australia and England shortly after I left (at which England got battered!).

I also travelled to the former mining town of Broken Hill in New South Wales (NSW) – about six hour's north-east of Adelaide. Passing through the small town of Saddleworth – way out in the Outback – in the north-west corner of SA on the way. Apart from the amazing Outback scenery I got to got see a few kangaroos and emus – both at very close range!

***H&D* editor Mark Cotterill arrives in Saddleworth – not the one on the Yorkshire-Lancashire border, but the one near the South Australia - New South Wales border!**

Sadly after returning to Manchester airport after a gruelling 21 hour flight(s) the British Political Police (formally Special Branch) "lifted" me and held me for two hours under their "Schedule 7, Terrorism Act 2000." The Political Police held me in a small custody room, while they searched me and both my cases. They took away a number of personal items to photograph and/or photocopy, and my mobile phone so they could copy all my contact details.

As they knew quite well I am not and have never been a "terrorist" or involved in any way in "terrorism". I'm not even a member of any political party. However, I am a former Borough councillor and law abiding citizen, with no criminal convictions for over 30 years.

It seems that the definition of what a terrorist and terrorism is has changed greatly over the last few years. According to the British Political Police a "terrorist" can now be somebody who holds "Extreme right-wing views" – which they claimed I do. We certainly live in interesting times!

After two hours I was released without any charges and allowed to make my way back to my home in Preston. Exhausted and in great need of a pint, but not down-hearted!

The harassment of nationalists by the British Political Police is sadly just path of the course now in modern day multi-racial Britain. While Islamist terrorists are allowed to freely enter our country without any problems at all, law-abiding nationalists are harassed just for having politically incorrect views (which most working class people agree with anyway).

Again I would like to thank the two Australian *H&D* subscribers who made the trip possible and also to all the Australian nationalists who took time out to meet me. It was very much appreciated. A full report of my Australian trip will appear in a future issue of *H&D.*

Many years ago, Don Black's *Stormfront* website coined the phrase "White Pride – World Wide." While we don't agree with Don on many things these days, he is very right on this one. The battle for racial survival is not just a British one, not even a European one, it's global. The White Race is under attack world-wide and we need a united world wide effort to defend it. For if we don't we go under, never to return.

If you are an active Nationalist why not buy some extra copies of this issue to give out (or sell them!) at your next branch meeting – it's another great issue and should 'sell like hot cakes'! And as always we also need your regular donations – however large or small, every Dollar, Pound or even Euro counts. Please try and send in whatever you can afford. Thanks once again for your support, together we will win.

Heritage and Destiny

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The Marxist "Slave" Cult and Anti-Fascist Terror

Heritage and Destiny exclusively revealed the details of a major news story in late November 2013: major British media operations were left contacting our office to catch up with the facts!

The story involved a bizarre communist group in London, at the centre of police investigations after three women were rescued by police from a house in Peckford Place, Stockwell, south London. One of the women, aged 30, is believed to have spent her entire life as a slave. The other two women rescued were a 59 year old Ulster woman and a 69 year old Malaysian woman.

A statement from the Metropolitan Police said only that they had arrested two suspects, and that the male suspect had met the alleged victims via a shared political ideology.

Late on November 24th, the *Telegraph* website gave certain details (though without naming the group concerned). This enabled *H&D* to identify the case as relating to a Maoist commune in Brixton known as the Workers' Institute, which broke away from the Communist Party of England (Marxist-Leninist) in 1974. We were therefore able to break the story that night.

We named the chief suspects in the sensational London "slavery" case as Marxist cult leader Aravindan Balakrishnan (known on the 1970s far-left scene as "Comrade Bala") and his wife (known as "Comrade Chanda").

Police spokesmen had earlier stated only that Scotland Yard detectives' rescue of three women – allegedly kept as slaves for thirty years – was linked to a political organisation. Once the news had broken on our website, Scotland Yard's press department confirmed to London journalists that the suspects were indeed Comrades Bala and Chanda, who had been living with their remaining Marxist cult members in "social housing" provided by Lambeth Council for more than three decades. The London *Evening Standard* labelled its story about the couple as an 'Exclusive', though in fact we had been the first to publish it here at *H&D* the previous night. The *Daily Mail* then published an online version, much of it blatantly lifted from our article.

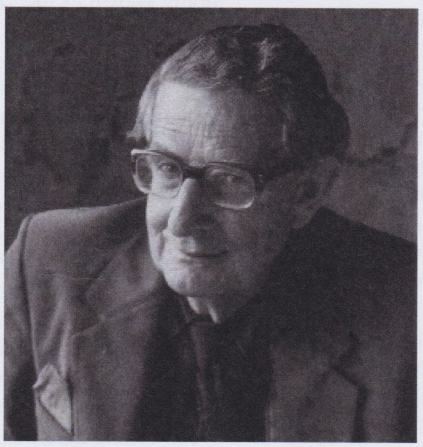
In April 1977 the diary column in *The Times* had entertained its readers with reports about the Workers' Institute of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse-Tung Thought, which had converted a shop in Acre Lane, Brixton, into a "workers' centre" complete with library and bookshop. The institute's weekly journal – *South London Workers' Bulletin* – proudly proclaimed that "this new development in Britain has taken the British fascist state by storm."

(This 1977 story coincided with the first broadcast of a new BBC comedy series, *Citizen Smith*, featuring a fictional "Tooting Popular Front", which has led modern journalists to speculate that the satire was based on Balakrishnan's group. In fact 1970s London was full of tiny, posturing leftist sects.)

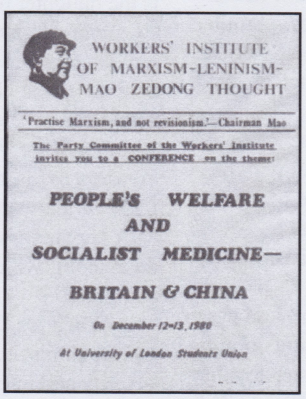
The British state had in fact barely registered the group's existence, but somewhere in the darkest recesses of Special Branch and MI5, a file had been opened which is now being hastily dusted down, in readiness for what seems likely to be a sensational criminal trial some time in 2014.

The file no doubt begins with Aravindan Balakrishnan, whom *Heritage and Destiny* revealed as the male suspect in the "slavery" case. In the summer of 1974 Comrade Bala split from what was then the UK's leading Maoist group, the Communist Party of England (Marxist-Leninist), having previously been a member of the party's national executive and central committee. In May 1973 the CPE (M-L) had been responsible for a violent attack on Professor Hans Eysenck before a lecture at the London School of Economics. The brave anti-fascists punched and kicked Prof. Eysenck because they viewed his research on race, heredity and intelligence as "racist." (We discuss the Eysenck attack later in this article.)

Police stand guard outside the house in south London where three women were rescued from a Maoist political cult.



Prof. Hans Eysenck was attacked by members of the 'anti-fascist' cult in 1973 in a typical far left assault on free academic research.



Cult leader Aravindan Balakrishnan recruited at London colleges – his 'Workers' Institute' was seen as a model for the political satire *Citizen Smith*.

Comrade Bala set up the Brixton institute, taking with him a small faction of Maoist fanatics. His group was among several analysed in a 1978 doctoral thesis by a researcher at University College London, who described the institute as "the clearest case of far-left millenarianism which I have encountered, …a tiny Maoist sect with about 25 members, located in the Brixton area. …In 1977, they confidently predicted that the world would be liberated from capitalist oppression by the Chinese People's Liberation Army before the end of the year."

The UCL researcher found that the institute had all the trappings of a political cult:

"The central core of the Workers' Institute is a 'communist collective', numbering about thirteen people, who live at the Mao Zedong Memorial Centre in Brixton. Those who do not live in the Centre live in co-resident groups in the vicinity and meet with the residents every day at the Centre, which is the focus for the activity of the whole group. Non-residents are expected to contribute their earnings, surplus to subsistence requirements, to the work of the organisation.

"…All of these activities are oriented towards the main political task of the group, which is seen as 'building a stable revolutionary base in and around Brixton'. This part of London was chosen for the Institute's location, 'because it is the worst place in the world'.

"Political cooperation with other groups is rejected. The Institute is extraordinarily hostile to other left-wing organisations, most of which they see as agents provocateurs for the state. …Similarly, work in the trade unions is rejected by the Institute because all established Labour movement structures are simply 'organs of fascism'.

"…The Workers' Institute claims an absolute monopoly of truth as the only correct upholder of the line of the Communist Party of China in the Imperialist Heartlands. The members are required to witness to their beliefs at all times. They talk of little else and are rarely to be seen without their prominent Mao badges."

Between them Comrades Bala and Chanda were arrested at least eight times during the 1970s. A typical example of the group's rhetoric came after an incident at Brixton Prison in February 1976 when Comrades Bala and Chanda were being visited by two fellow Brixton Maoists. As they put it (and no I'm really not making this up):

"A surprise attack was made on Comrades Brome and Najeeb by some prison wardens who pounced on them and violently assaulted them inside the Brixton Prison compound. Both their spectacles were smashed and their faces were covered with bloody bruises. The fascist prison wardens bared their anti-communist fangs further by tearing off a badge of Chairman Mao from Comrade Najeeb's coat! These fascist hoodlums revealed only too clearly that they were acting on the direct instructions of the panic stricken British fascist state when they turned truth upside down and hast-

Loyalist commandos from the UVF identified INLA terrorist links to Balakrishnan's fellow Maoists.

ily charged our comrades with assaulting them!" Sadly Comrade Brome didn't stay a hero for long: soon after Comrade Bala's release from prison he expelled the Trinidad-born Brome and two of his friends.

(A year later the Assistant Chaplain at Brixton Prison, Rev. Terence Spong, was revealed as a member of the National Front. His son Mark was also an NF activist. Both the NF and the BM had numerous members among prison officers during the 1970s.)

Eventually the Brixton centre was closed down following a police raid in March 1978, when Comrades Bala and Chanda were charged with assaulting the police and sentenced to six months and three months respectively. By the time of the Brixton riots in 1981, their group had "gone underground", where it remained until this month's arrests.

H&D readers might consider: would the leaders of a nationalist faction have got away with imprisoning women for thirty years and treating them as slaves? What else has the British far-left been getting away with for all these years?

Police and social services are now facing many questions about their knowledge of Balakrishnan and his gang since the 1970s. In particular, *H&D* is interested in a violent attack on Prof. Hans Eysenck, while he was giving a lecture on "Current Theories of Intelligence" at the London School of Economics, on 8th May 1973. This attack was carried out by about two dozen members of the CPE (M-L), including Balakrishnan who was then a leading activist in this Maoist group. (He split from them a year later.) Prof. Eysenck, then 57, was widely demonised by the left and "anti-fascist" groups because of his views on the genetic role in intelligence. Similar demonisation has been practiced against organisations such as American Renaissance, journals such as *Mankind Quarterly* and writers such as Jared Taylor and Dr Roger Pearson.

"Comrade Bala" and his fellow hoodlums pulled Prof. Eysenck to the floor, where he was punched, kicked and spat upon. He was left with broken spectacles and cuts to his face, and was later treated at the Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill. The Maoist gang, who included several bussed in from Birmingham, went on to attack some of their fellow leftists. One of the leaders of the Birmingham gang was Paul Rowe.

The CPE (M-L) – both during Balakrishnan's involvement and after the 1974 split – did not confine its violent proclivities to punching middle-aged academics. In July 1975 they were exposed by the Ulster loyalist journal *Combat* as the "most violent Communist organisation in the UK." In March of that year members of the Ulster Volunteer Force had discovered letters from Paul Rowe and other members of the group to Michael Adamson, a terrorist from the Irish National Liberation Army (INLA), whom they had just shot dead at his home in Clifton Road, North Belfast.

Ironically Adamson had been identified following a tip-off from his former comrades in the so-called "Official IRA" after a split in the Marxist wing of Irish republicanism the previous year. The INLA and its political wing (the Irish Republican Socialist Party) went on to develop very close ties to violent "anti-fascists" in England and Scotland, which have been documented in several *Heritage and Destiny* articles.

All of this goes to show that Balakrishnan and his ilk should have been very well known to the British authorities. So if the latest police charges concerning "slavery" prove accurate, why was he allowed to get away with it for so long? Did it suit the British state to indulge violent "anti-fascists" with Irish republican links?

And why on earth was Balakrishnan effectively subsidised for so long by the hard-pressed ratepayers of Lambeth?

One of the CPE (M-L) recruits at the London School of Economics, where the attack on Prof. Eysenck took place, was a young Welsh law student called Sian Davies. After the 1974 split she followed Balakrishnan and his faction into the Brixton commune, where she remained until her mysterious death after falling from an upstairs window on Christmas Eve, 1997. Her then-teenage daughter Rosie (now 30) is one of the three alleged "slaves" freed in October.

Incidentally, mainstream media reports were wrong to describe Balakrishnan's former outfit as "an English branch of the Communist Party". What he joined was not the long-established pro-Moscow Communist Party (CPGB) or anything to do with it, but a pro-Chinese (and hence anti-Moscow) group – the CPE (M-L), founded by an Indian Maoist called Hardial Bains, who also set up an international network of similarly aligned groups.

The fundamental enmity between the CPGB and the CPE (M-L) was reflected in their relationship to Irish republican terrorism. While the Maoists (as explained above) were for a time close to the Irish National Liberation Army (INLA), the pro-Moscow Communist Party would have backed the group from which INLA broke away – the 'Official IRA' (commonly known as the "Stickies" because of the stick-on Easter Lilies they sold to commemorate the 1916 Easter Rising).

Perhaps the most intriguing Ulster connection involves one of the three female "slaves" who were "rescued" by police from Balakrishnan's commune. Belfast-born Josephine Herivel, now 59 – is the daughter of a famous wartime codebreaker at Bletchley Park: John Herivel, one of the legends of British secret intelligence history.

Many years ago conspiracy theories circulated on the political fringe about Balakrishnan, speculating as to why the British authorities had taken such a close interest in his tiny sect. In December 1981 his former comrade (and well known avant-garde musician) Cornelius Cardew was killed in a hit and run accident, which fuelled further conspiracy theories. Cardew had remained loyal to the CPE (M-L), which changed its name to the Revolutionary Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) in 1979.

We can now be sure that MI5 and Scotland Yard's Special Branch had been keeping a particularly close eye on Comrade Bala's group since the 1970s, not only because of its involvement in "anti-fascist" violence and ties to INLA terrorists, but because cult member Josephine Herivel (who accompanied Balakrishnan to the 1997 inquest into Sian Davies's death) is the daughter of John Herivel, who died in 2011 aged 92.

John Herivel had been recruited from Cambridge in January 1940 to join the top secret codebreakers based at Bletchley Park where he was part of the team at 'Hut 6', tasked with decyphering versions of the Enigma code used by the German Army and Air Force. Herivel's decisive contribution in May 1940 – later known as the 'Herivel tip' – enabled the codebreakers to discover each day's key to the Luftwaffe's Enigma messages. Later in the war he worked as assistant to the Cambridge mathematician Max Newman, who was in charge of Bletchley's unit on mechanised codebreaking which developed Colossus – the world's first programmable computer.

When his daughter Josephine joined Balakrishnan's cult in the mid-1970s, almost everything related to Bletchley remained top secret – so the security and intelligence services would have been intensely concerned. If and when the "slavery" case comes to trial next year, Whitehall's files on the group might come under an unwelcome spotlight. Coincidentally Lord Harris of Haringey, chairman of trustees at the Freedom Charity which instigated last month's police raid, is the Home Office representative on the Metropolitan Police Authority responsible for oversight of security matters and counterterrorism at the Met.

Ulster readers will be especially interested in any unravelling of exactly what the British state knew about INLA's British supporters. It has been suspected for many years that mysterious forces used INLA as a flag of convenience for several assassinations of prominent figures, including Conservative shadow minister Airey Neave and Loyalist Volunteer Force leader Billy Wright.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

Party Time Has Ended

The Case for Politics Beyond the Party – by Colin Jordan

We live in the twilight days of a doomed age. Enveloping us is a sick society, condemned to death in the cosmic cycle of transformation by its inherent inability to overcome its strains and stresses: an old order now exhibiting a myriad manifestations of its advancing disintegration. Yet its final demise may be long delayed, and meanwhile its committed adherents tighten their hold on power, exercised through the veiled force of censorship and indoctrination, the denial of facilities to opponents, and an increasing resort to coercion and suppression.

These conditions specify a life and death struggle for those dedicated to the survival and advancement of Higher Man through a New Order of Aryandom. In such a struggle the prerequisite for effective action is a searching appraisal of ways and means. All practices and procedures must be subjected to an analysis of cost-effectiveness, and retained or rejected accordingly. Against that back-cloth, this article is concerned to show that the day of the political party is over. Its appeal to the masses with leaflets at large, its marches round and round the houses, and all the rest of its routine designed to woo and win the majority vote of the population at an election is hopelessly unproductive.

Colin Jordan (1923-2009), a Cambridge history graduate, founded the National Socialist Movement, the White Defence League and British Movement.

The political party, whatever its content, and even where nominally anti-democratic, is the organizational product of the mass society called "democracy", meaning a society which purports to respond to and provide for the common man. It was preceded by the overt and avowed rule of minorities, and democracy is no less subject to minorities than any other experienced or conjectured society, its only distinction in this respect being that of the modus operandi of its minorities. It is – except when mortally menaced, and thus brought to a departure from normal form – mainly manipulative and masked, as opposed to being mainly and blatantly coercive. This dominance of minorities is to be expected as a fact of life. The rule of the public, apart from minute units of administration, has never existed, and never can and never will exist. Civilization, its management and its finer fruits, has always come not from the common but the uncommon man. To say so in no way detracts from the argument for the just apportionment of its material benefits to the former, however lowly in ability and effort and consequent due. By the term "the masses", as here used, is meant not a material but a mental class, regardless of monetary means, made up of the entirety of sheepish citizenry in its conformity to the status quo ordained and blessed by the media of democracy.

The political party came into use in the early days of the development of the mass society, consequent on the increase in communication among the people at large, and the increase in the uniformity of their lives, both resulting from the Industrial Revolution, and this long before the advent of the most modern and most powerful means of moulding the minds of the masses: television. With television today the ruling minorities of democracy have an instrument of mind control in the centre of virtually every home in the land, ensuring that millions upon millions of beguiled boobs of the cathode-ray tube think the "democratic" way, and thus come to vote for the "democratic" options. The total content of the television box today decides the total result of the ballot box tomorrow.

The party game is thus firmly under the power of the enemy of national and racial resurgence, and indulgence in it by those excluded from television, along with the rest of the mass media, is a waste of time. Even Hitler – who came to power just before his opponents gained this weapon – could not today succeed against and without the magic box. Short of acquiring it for ourselves, or destroying it for the others, there is only one way its all-pervasive, hypnotic, malignant influence can be overcome, and that is through a thorough breakdown in society sufficiently painful to prod the people out of their coma of enslavement.

Created for and concerned with the masses, the nationalist or national-socialist party inevitably becomes crippled and corrupted by the exactions of the involvement. In the delusive pursuit of numbers as the measure of strength, it commits two errors of cardinal severity which guarantee weakness. Firstly, in its desire to attract the common man in quantity, it has to set its requirements of membership at a sufficiently low level, so as to offer him the gratification of identification with a supposedly lofty cause on the basis of little, if anything, more than some paltry payment. Having brought him into the fold, instead of just taking the collecting box to him on the outside, and with his contribution clearly proving insufficient to enable desirable progress, there follows a constant striving to try and coax him into doing more, which is the folly of trying to make a political activist out of a being whose nature prohibits it. Thus the role of the political party runs counter to that iron law of humanity which decrees that political activists are and always will be a tiny minority, most productive on their own, and that the rest of mankind is and always will be of the nature of political bystanders.

In consequence, while necessarily starting out as a nucleus of political activists, the party soon ends up dissipating the capacity of its activists because of their attachment to the others. Because of this attachment an endless effort ensues to try and keep the recruited men of the masses content with their membership. Activities to this precise end have to be arranged all over the country, costly in time and money, including all the travelling back and forth by all concerned, primarily of benefit to the petrol companies, the coach companies, and British Rail. Beyond this, to a considerable extent the party tends to degenerate into as much a party of fun and games as anything else, greatly occupied with the posturing and pretending, the babbling and boozing of the bulk of its members.

The second great error of the party is to set its bounds of belief so wide in pursuit of numbers that it achieves thereby not a greater strength but a lesser one through the disunity this spells. The amalgamation of numbers without a fusion of minds is but a congregation of bodies doomed to discord and disruption, because it is only the semblance and not the substance of unity, which always depends on a clear predominance of common belief. With its arms thrown open too widely in welcome, the party, in the width of its policy, takes in differences too large to digest. Along with the positive protagonists of ideological disagreement, it attracts a swamping influx of little people – little in the limitations of their mind, vision and spirit – saturated with all the superficial perceptions and shallow sentiments of democracy; people who fancy a spare-time hobby of rebellious radicalism, albeit shackled with the mental fetters of democracy's notions of "respectability" and "moderation", and thus incapable of dangling more than a couple of toes in the cauldron of revolutionary thought and action.

With the fatal combination of low requirements of membership and wide bounds of policy, the political party cannot do other than present a feeble spectacle of the tail wagging the dog. Any complete computation of the cost-effectiveness of this party game, namely what is actually gained from all the relatively inactive but disproportionately vociferous recruits in this forlorn hunt for mass membership, in return for all the constant effort to contain them, condemns the practice completely.

It is said that every little bit helps. So it does, providing and only providing it does not cost as much or more to obtain than it is worth; and providing it is recognized that little bits will never bring victory in a mighty struggle, even when much multiplied. Otherwise, we commit the folly of subscribing to the egalitarian vanity that little is lovely. To do so is to create a slough of frustration wherein the active few are nullified and discouraged by having to carry on their back the burden of the relatively inactive many

In May 1959 Colin Jordan's White Defence League held a joint rally – "Stop the Coloured Invasion" – in Trafalgar Square with John Bean's National Labour Party. The two groups merged a year later to form the British National Party (unrelated to the modern BNP), but Jordan turned against electoral politics at the end of the '60s.

all around them. The issue here is not for one moment that the little bits of help from the public at large should be scorned and disregarded, but that they can and should be gathered on the outside by the political activists, segregated as a task force; and do not need to be and should not therefore be sought through common membership of one and the same organization as happens with a political party.

The very *raison d'être* of a political party is to appeal sufficiently to the masses so as to obtain sufficient votes in elections as to attain state power, and thus to form a government of the country. Nationalist parties have been operating for decades to this end, and yet have failed to obtain or even come near to obtaining a single seat in Parliament, let alone a necessary majority in Parliament, meaning hundreds of seats. While during those decades the plight of our race and nation has worsened and worsened, such parties have come no nearer success.

Some seek to account for this obvious failure to become sufficiently known and acceptable to the masses as a failure to trim policy sufficiently for this political market, including a failure to avoid the stigma of "nazi" and "extremist". Their remedy is to convert themselves that much more to the masses, instead of seeking to convert the masses to them, thus seeking to compete with the established parties on their own ground by coming closer to them, while still lacking all the advantages of infrastructure which those orthodox parties possess. Such people, priding themselves on their astuteness, perpetrate the absurdity of abandoning the capacity to reform in pursuit of the opportunity to reform.

In deep privacy and with a crafty wink, some will confide that their contortions are only window-dressing, and that when in power they will show their true colours. Their true colours, apparent enough already, amount to constitutional weakness. Such are the workings of such frailty that, giving way to it now, come the pay-off they would never have the strength to transcend it. The smears they fear and vainly attempt to distance themselves from are but the concomitant of all adequate proposals for national and racial resurgence, avoidable only by a shameful procedure of self-sterilization.

Others of sterner stuff concede that electoral success is out of reach, but argue that electioneering is nevertheless justified for the sake of the resulting publicity and recruitment. However, to prove their point they need to show, and fail to show, that the gain in whatever quantity and quality of support resulting from such electioneering at least equals, if not exceeds, the gain to be achieved through an equal expenditure of time and money in other ways. One thing such electioneering certainly does not achieve is that manifestation which more than that of intellect and ideals moves the masses—the manifestation of strength—for it almost always results in a miserable manifestation of weakness.

Our misrulers, secure in their mastery of the media and thereby the minds of the electorate, are comparatively content – if they cannot dispel or deter all resistance – to let democracy's dissidents expend themselves in the attrition of the party game they have devised and dominate. They are confident that, if by some fluke, these non-conformists did happen to become a real threat, they could increase the array of existing impediments to the extent of a ban in all but name. Democracy's deceit is all the time to proclaim to its spellbound public the prevalence of freedom, while preventing its exercise by a combination of contrivances. In this conspiracy of suppression the current revision of the Public Order Act is intended to turn the screw that much tighter on any nationalist or national-socialist party as almost to paralyse it. Even if a veritable miracle happened, and such a party did gain a majority of votes, can you believe that democracy's masters, faced with elimination, would accept the verdict of the ballot box, and meekly hand over control? A naked struggle would still ensue. It is thus not some option for us, but an ultimate necessity in any eventuality.

The corollary of all this is the conclusion that, in so far as the support of the masses is needed in one form or another for the attainment of state power in one way or another, this can only be obtained through a breakdown of the society of the old order so substantial as to galvanize the docile slaves of the silver screen into rejection of their enslavers.

Thus today, in place of political parties fantasizing about the mobilization of the mesmerized masses, we need to adopt and develop the conception of the task force or elite organization of activists engaging only in cost-effective activities to undermine the fraudulent and disastrous system of democracy in the conviction that through the high quality of its personnel and their operations an effect can be achieved out of all proportion to the numbers and the cost, and far greater than the ability of parties.

For such the prerequisite is the realization that the gravity and urgency of the struggle makes it tantamount to a war, and that the ubiquity of the menace makes that war a war on all the fronts of life, and thus a total war. Thus for this spearhead of the struggle politics becomes a whole way of life, not just the fragmentary involvement of the party. One joins the latter with a signature and a subscription. One becomes part of the former by living the cause as a worker and fighter. It follows from this outlook of the vanguard for victory that a high standard of political education, systematic training for present activities, and far-sighted preparation for the future culmination of breakdown is imperative.

Whereas parties are concerned to talk about the betterment of things after an electoral triumph, the task force is concerned to practise the better life as much as possible now in anticipation of the future formation of government. Hence it is concerned shrewdly to survey and assess the extent to which, even today, the new can be practised within the frontiers of the old, and thus to that limited but nevertheless substantial extent society can be here and now transformed from within. This means not only the daily code of living of the isolated individual, but also the coalescence of individuals in residential communities, providing a microcosm of the New Order; or, failing that, business ventures and other functional projects; remembering that, as a side effect, the finest of propaganda is that provided by an example in practice.

Such a survey reveals that there is a vast territory of life not subject to either the effective or the attempted control of the enemy. State power is the aim of the party, but beyond that destination lies the introduction of new ways in respect of which coercion has its acute limitations and per-

Colin Jordan's essay first appeared in 1986 and was reprinted in his 1993 collection *National Socialism: Vanguard of the Future.*

suasion its much greater place. Power is but a means to an end which lies in practice, and practice even now within the state of the enemy is a victorious exercise of power. Within you, given the will and the way as one stepping forth in separation from the masses, lies the potentiality of power in plenty.

Power thus needs to be finely analysed as a scientific study, whereby all its various forms, and levels become properly distinguished, and open to pursuit, not merely those of local and national government. Thereby not only is the establishment of a special settlement, or the coming together of fellow activists in a density of residential proximity, seen as a sizeable seizure of power, but so too is an act of infiltration by an individual into a position of influence whereby he or she can substantially promote an aspect of our creed detached from an off-putting identification with a total parcel of policy.

An example of a functional project lies in the field of education, where at present in the generality of schooling there is not only an appalling failure to impart the vital knowledge of race and true history, and to encourage strong and wholesome character with its appreciation of the need for discipline and its sense of service to the folk community; but there is also an intensive corruption by the multi-racialist and Marxist teachers who predominate in the profession today, resulting in a generation alienated from our folk, and in character either soft and spineless or nihilistic and vicious. Thus one of the tasks of the task force should be to develop its own schooling and out-of-school training for its children.

All such implantations of the new within the realm of the old order is some contribution to its breakdown, but, beyond this, there are ways galore directly to damage the enemy's apparatus of power, if one makes a study of it. A spanner in the works and sugar in the petrol tank of democracy goes more to bring about its breakdown than battling for the ballot box.

Another speciality open to an elite are daring and dramatizing deeds of propaganda, whereby a well-trained few with a wealth of imagination but little cost can register a strong impact on the masses – whose psyche responds to boldness – useful now in stimulating and focusing discontent, and useful for the future by establishing now a record of leadership in resistance. In this context, when for example one contemplates the hundreds of thousands of man-hours which have gone into distributing party leaflets which nevertheless have reached but a fraction of the population, and doing so commanded but a tiny response, can it be denied that a far smaller and cheaper effort by the right sort of people could have achieved a far greater and more attentive audience through the transmitters of clandestine radio?

For obvious reasons one cannot here go into and must leave to the fertile imagination the wide range of political warfare open essentially to the select few operating on lines comparable to the special units of Otto Skorzeny. This is essentially the domain of the professional soldier of politics with no room for the dilettante or the juvenile desperado. He, and not the party politician or party member will be the one needed and decisive when the breakdown fully arrives, and the naked struggle for state power follows.

Obviously a task force in all its various divisions is not something for inauguration and recruitment in the same fashion as a party. Instead it calls for private and personal contact whereby there is ample and prior opportunity to size up a person as both thoroughly genuine and really suitable beyond this before any approach is made and any invitation to participate is subsequently extended. A strict separation of the personnel of the overt from those of the underground activities is absolutely essential; and with the latter, furthermore, a separation of its personnel within cells is imperative.

As things are now, our cause is vitiated by the dead end politics of the party, a proven failure as an instrument of struggle. Let us face up to this, break free from the related fetters of thinking, and forthwith replace it with a task force!

Editor's Note: This article was first published in National Review *(former magazine of The League of St. George) no. 45, (June 1986) and was later part of a book* – National Socialism Vanguard of the Future – Selected writings of Colin Jordan *published in 1993 by Nordland Forlag (ISBN 87 87063 40 9). It is still available from the British Movement, PO Box 6, Heckmondwike, WF16 0XF for* ***£10.00*** *(including postage UK) or from www.nspublications.com for* ***$14.00*** *(in the USA). Although it was written more than twenty-five years ago, it remains remarkably relevant to nationalism in 2013: the only obvious omission is that the World Wide Web had not been invented when CJ wrote this article.*

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The Cavalry of St. George

Many readers will remember *Goldeneye* as the title of a 1995 James Bond film – the plot involves an international crime syndicate stealing a secret Soviet satellite weapon, then planning to use it to destroy financial records in the City of London as part of a massive fraud.

This was the first Bond film that was not in any way based on the writings of James Bond's creator Ian Fleming – *Goldeneye* was not the name of an Ian Fleming story, but was the name of his cliffside estate in Jamaica. The author named his Caribbean home after a real secret operation during World War II – a plan which Fleming himself had supervised as a senior officer of British Naval Intelligence.

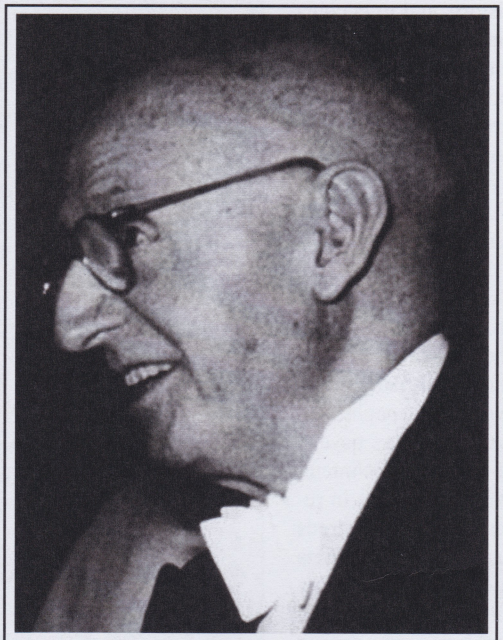
This real Operation Goldeneye had nothing to do with satellite weapons, but involved a tangle of very real criminals, arms dealers, fraudsters and spies – culminating in a very real financial crime of breathtaking audacity, combining a veteran Spanish gangster with the British financial elite.

One place to begin this story is with a fragment from the 1941 diary of Hugh Dalton, later in charge of Britain's fragile postwar finances as Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1945 to 1947.

Writing in the spring of 1941, Dalton was officially "Minister of Economic Warfare" in Churchill's coalition government: unofficially he was responsible for the Special Operations Executive (SOE), carrying out the dirtiest side of the British war effort.

In building up SOE during the previous summer, Dalton had explained to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, that this dirty tricks aspect of warfare required a different type of man from regular soldiering. It would involve "many different methods, including industrial and military sabotage, labour agitation and strikes, continuous propaganda, terrorist acts against traitors and German leaders, boycotts and riots."

"What we have in mind," Dalton confided to his diary the night before his letter to Halifax, "concerns Trade Unions, Socialists, etc; the making of chaos and revolution – no more suitable for soldiers than fouling at football, or throwing when bowling at cricket."



The smuggler and gangland fixer Juan March passed bribes from the British secret service to General Franco's military colleagues, with the object of preventing Spain from entering World War II on Germany's side.

The diary fragment from May 1941 refers to a particularly mysterious type of fouling: "The Cavalry of St George have been charging; hence some of the recent changes; hence also Attaché H's concern for J.M.'s tinplate."

The Cavalry of St George was an age-old British system of indirect warfare, and referred to large scale bribery of foreign political and military leaders. The words denoted the image of a mounted St George which appears on the reverse of a British gold sovereign. As the British empire was rising to global dominance during the 18th century, her leaders had wisely avoided European military entanglements by purchasing the services of (at various times) Prussia and Austria. Frederick the Great's Prussia, for example, was paid £670,000 a year under the terms of an Anglo-Prussian convention signed in 1758: the arrangement lasted for four years.

During the First World War, the Cavalry of St George was deployed in the Middle East, with bags of gold being delivered to various Arab chieftains in exchange for joining the revolt against the Ottoman Turks. British prime minister David Lloyd George even explored an audacious scheme to bribe the Turkish government and in effect buy them out of the war!

The intermediary in this affair – much of which remains secret – was the international arms dealer Basil Zaharoff, who was later allowed to call himself "Sir" Basil Zaharoff even though he was not a British subject. Non-British subjects can only receive honorary knighthoods and do not use the title "Sir" (well known examples include the singer and charity fundraiser Bob Geldof and former U.S. Defence Secretary Caspar Weinberger).

Zaharoff's role behind the scenes in British diplomacy was attacked in the British Parliament by Walter Guinness MP, who denounced Lloyd George for taking control of foreign policy away from Foreign Office professionals:

"I cannot find any expert, whether traveller or soldier, who approves of our policy in the Near East. This is not to say that the Prime Minister has no counsellors. The voice behind the throne, or, to be more accurate, behind the presidential chair, is probably Sir Basil Zaharoff's.

"Sir Basil Zaharoff is undoubtedly an able financier with international interests in the munitions industry. Outside political circles his chief fame is that he is understood to have been a controlling factor in the production of armaments in four or five different countries."

During 1917 and 1918 Zaharoff had been Lloyd George's intermediary with influential Turks, authorised to handle £10 million in gold. The deal was eventually aborted, but it complicated Lloyd George's simultaneous negotiations with Zionist leaders towards what became the Balfour Declaration, committing Britain to support a Jewish homeland in what had been the Ottoman territory of Palestine.

(It might not be a coincidence that Walter Guinness, who was such a well-informed enemy of Zaharoff and Lloyd George back in 1921, was eventually murdered by the Zionist terrorist Stern Gang in 1944. By then he had been ennobled as Lord Moyne and was serving as British minister in the Middle East: international Zionism could not tolerate the presence of a well-informed opponent in British ruling circles.)

A younger member of Zaharoff's international arms dealing network, and also drawn into First World War operations on behalf of the British secret service, was Juan March – the "J.M." referred to in Hugh Dalton's 1941 diary entry. March had acquired a large fortune from tobacco smuggling and arms dealing, and had used his shady connections in various Spanish ports to assist operations against the Kaiser's navy. A director of March's London company was the millionaire shipowner Leopold Walford, married to Basil Zaharoff's stepdaughter.

An illiterate thug from the island of Majorca, Juan March had become the richest man in Spain by the end of the 1920s. Bribes and other favours to the military dictator Primo de Rivera and the Spanish royal family allowed March to convert his illegal tobacco smuggling into a legal tobacco monopoly. In 1931 the *New York Times* described him as "Spain's Rothschild, who cannot write his name, although he is Spain's richest man." By then he had acquired legal immunity from prosecution by winning election to the Spanish Parliament, the Cortes, where his main ally was the conservative leader Calvo Sotelo. In June 1932 the Parliament voted to expel March and remove his legal immunities: he was imprisoned the following week and held for eighteen months pending trial, after the new republican finance minister announced: "Either the republic overthrows Don Juan March or the señor will overthrow the republic!"

In November 1933 a prison official was bribed to unlock Juan March's cell, and he made his escape to the British colony of Gibraltar. While the British press kept quiet about the reasons why this notorious crook should feel safe on Crown territory, the *New York Times* was not so shy, pointing out: "It is known Señor March has a host of powerful friends in Gibraltar. He made many valuable contacts there during the war [of 1914-18] as he had a contract for supplying provisions to the British submarine base."

March had enhanced his British connections by paying large bribes to the financially embarrassed Queen Ena, formerly British princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg, consort of King Alfonso XIII and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Queen Ena (whose grandson Juan Carlos is now King of Spain) retained close links to the British establishment. The British ambassador in Madrid, Sir Maurice Peterson, had personally intervened during the various criminal proceedings against March to ensure that Queen Ena's name was not mentioned.

Five months later March cut a deal with the republican authorities and returned home to Majorca. He helped finance the conservative govern-

This Dragon Rapide plane hired by Juan March transported General Francisco Franco from the Canary Islands to North Africa to take command of a Nationalist army at the start of the Civil War.

ment's crushing of anarchists and trade union revolts, but when the Spanish Left again won power in the 1936 elections, Juan March's many and various financial interests were again threatened, and he began to meet regularly with conservative and military elements plotting a nationalist rebellion.

The plans were accelerated after assassins close to the leaders of the Spanish Socialist Party murdered Juan March's close ally Calvo Sotelo. March turned to his old friends in British intelligence, who were keen to ensure that instability in Spain did not benefit either the Soviet Union (whose agents were already busy among some Spanish left-wing parties), or the fascist and national socialist governments in Italy and Germany, whose example increasingly inspired the more radical elements of the Spanish Right.

March turned over substantial funds to the nationalist cause, and his decisive intervention came via his business links to Arthur Loveday, a veteran British intelligence agent and director of Juan March & Co. in London. In the first week of July 1936, this company provided the cash to hire a Dragon Rapide plane which flew from Croydon Airport on a secret mission to collect General Francisco Franco from his base on the Canary Islands and fly him to North Africa, where he was to lead a nationalist invasion of southern Spain. On board the flight from Croydon was another British intelligence veteran, Maj. Hugh Pollard, who was to take charge of the mission.

Although he had longstanding ties to some leading figures in Germany, notably military intelligence chief Admiral Canaris, Juan March was a natural anti-nazi, for reasons which have been buried by modern historians but were mentioned by some 1930s journalists. The gossip column of *The American Israelite*, published in Cincinnati and now the oldest English language Jewish newspaper in the U.S., wrote on 31st December 1936: "Juan March, multimillionaire financier of the Spanish Fascist rebels, is descended from the Chuetas, that little known colony of Majorcan Jews converted to Catholicism in the 15th century. The Chuetas (which means "dirty little Jews") are still pariahs."

Unsurprisingly, Juan March later sought to disguise these origins. While early reports described his father as a cattle dealer, later biographies always referred to him as a "pig farmer." This was in accordance with the medieval practice of his Chueta (or in the Majorcan spelling Xueta) ancestors, who commonly made a great show of eating pork in public to demonstrate that they had renounced their Judaism.

March's business partner Arthur Loveday was also very likely disingenuous when he joined the anti-Jewish Right Club, a secret organisation led by the Conservative MP Archibald Maule Ramsay. It was the exposure of the Right Club's dealings with a young cypher clerk at the U.S. Embassy in London, Tyler Kent, which allowed Churchill to crack down on his domestic opponents in May 1940 soon after becoming prime minister, and to bury the truth about his treacherous negotiations with President Roosevelt, behind the back of Prime Minister Chamberlain and the U.S. Congress. The role of two young MI5 women in targeting the Right Club has long been known: files which might explain the role of MI6 agent and Juan March employee Arthur Loveday remain for the moment secret.

In the autumn of 1939, Juan March again offered his services to British intelligence, both to resolve certain difficulties on the international arms market and in a top secret proposal to acquire German merchant ships that were laid up in neutral Spanish ports. The Majorcan godfather travelled to London, where (accompanied by Arthur Loveday) he held secret meetings with Sir George Mounsey, the top civil servant at the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and Admiral Godfrey, Director of Naval Intelligence.

British officials were under no illusions about March. A secret memo to defence coordination minister Admiral Lord Chatfield in October 1939 reported the view of Admiral Godfrey, that "March is a scoundrel but very rich and ready to take part in any negotiations behind the scenes. The Director of Naval Intelligence suggests that our Naval Attaché in Spain should be instructed to get in touch with March and to ask him if he could say what types and quantities of armaments might be made available for sale to a foreign country."

March's man in London was José Mayorga, a partner in Kleinwort Sons & Co. – a prominent City of London institution which was to become part of the modern financial giant Kleinwort Benson. Then and later, Kleinworts had a very close and legally dubious relationship with Juan March.

The "Attaché H." mentioned by Dalton was Alan Hillgarth, officially assistant naval attaché at the British Embassy in Madrid, but in reality a secret intermediary not only for naval intelligence and for the head of Britain's secret intelligence service MI6, but for Winston Churchill himself. As suggested in the naval intelligence memo above, Hillgarth was instructed to develop contacts with March.

Churchill's personal relationship with Hillgarth dated back to 1936, when the latter had been British vice-consul in Majorca and had accommodated Churchill at his home on the island for a couple of days. During this period Churchill was in the political wilderness and was bankrolled by various shady international financiers who encouraged his anti-German foreign policy.

The nature of the Churchill-Hillgarth relationship is clear from several documents in the British National Archives. In October 1943, for example, when the Navy proposed to promote Hillgarth to a new role in the Far East, the Prime Minister intervened personally with an angry note to the First Lord of the Admiralty:

"I cannot approve this appointment without further information. Captain Hillgarth has acquired a unique position in Spain and is the centre of most vitally secret matters. No one could replace him."

Hillgarth's "unique" position was due to his extraordinary dealings with Juan March, which had been built up on Churchill's personal instructions dating back to his time as head of the Admiralty from September 1939 until his elevation to the Premiership in May 1940. After the discussions

Alan Hillgarth, British Naval Attaché in Madrid, was Winston Churchill's direct link to the Spanish gangster Juan March and organised the multi-million pound scheme to bribe Spanish generals and admirals.

about arms mentioned earlier, Hillgarth and March discussed a proposal to seize 55 German merchant ships blockaded in Spanish ports. Due to Spain's neutrality, the blockade took effect as soon as the Second World War began in September 1939, but the situation obviously embarrassed Franco, since Germany had given him substantial support during the Civil War from 1936 to 1939, not only with arms and logistical support but with the commitment of the Condor Legion, volunteer air force and army units drawn from the Luftwaffe and Wehrmacht. The Falangist element in Franco's government was strongly pro-German.

March proposed that he could buy the impounded German vessels and re-flag them as neutral ships; since Britain obviously wished to deny the Germans hard currency in exchange for the ships, he also proposed an alternative devious scheme – a situation could be engineered in which the Germans were presented with a bill which they could not pay, creating a technical default and allowing the seizure of the ships.

This scheme is highly significant, as a very similar plan was concocted post-war to allow March to carry out a sensational financial coup, with secret support in the British corridors of power.

During 1939-40, Churchill personally intervened to override legalistic objections from more squeamish colleagues. Admiral Godfrey had warned Churchill that March "is definitely a scoundrel of the deepest dye, but was one of the first Spaniards to try to convince Franco of the necessity for reopening trade with England, and from his commercial interests in this country his sympathies are believed to lie with the democracies at the present time." Godfrey's political boss Churchill underlined in red ink his reference to March being "a scoundrel of the deepest dye", and indicated he saw this as a recommendation rather than a criticism! Churchill was emphatic in his endorsement of March:

"This man is most important and may be able to render the greatest services. ...We might even get torpedo boats from Spain through him. ...I have no doubt that he hates the Nazi regime as much as the Bolsheviks, both being equally inimical to capital."

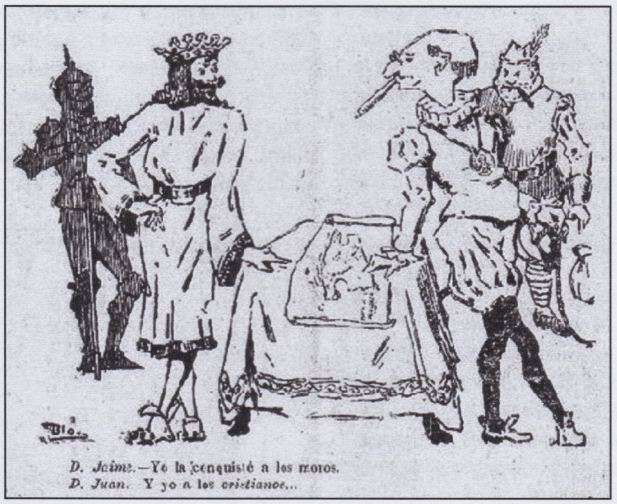
Churchill later added a further note about March: "I am very sorry I did not see him myself, and I shall be glad to know if he is likely to return here. Supposing his talks with the Naval Attaché show any substantial promise, it would be well that Señor March should come over here again, when I would see him personally."

In a "Most Secret" update on the deal, dated 15th December 1939, Hillgarth stressed that Juan March was able to assist with anti-German sabotage operations across Spain:

"The advantages of his organisation over anything else that we can do are that it is entirely in his hands, that I deal with no one except himself, that it costs us nothing, that it is perfectly ruthless when necessary. He has already had two German agents shot in Ibiza, though I did not ask him to do so and knew nothing about it until afterwards."

Soon after Churchill became Prime Minister, Hillgarth was back in touch with a new proposal from March: this amounted to the wholesale bribery of a group of Spanish generals and admirals. Initial instalments totalling $5 million were paid in June and July 1940 into a New York bank on behalf of the Société de Banque Suisse, Geneva, to be made available to three nominees of Juan March. These funds were held by March on behalf of leading Spanish officials, on the understanding that they would frustrate any moves towards a Spanish-German alliance. A further $3 million was paid into the account in August 1940, and additional instalments of $3 million in January and May 1941.

(*above left*) Gen. Juan Luis Beigbeder served as Spain's Foreign Minister from 1939-40. He was one of several leading figures who were paid enormous bribes by Juan March on behalf of British intelligence to frustrate the pro-German policies of his successor Ramon Serrano Suñer (*above right*).



A pre-war cartoon imagines a meeting between Juan March (*above right*) and James I of Aragon, known as "James the Conqueror" for his victories against the Moors during the 13th century, which included the reconquest of Majorca. King James is boasting: "I conquered the Moors". To which Juan March replies: "And I the Christians"!

A handwritten note in a Cabinet Office file (which I have seen) labelled "Requests from Madrid for money to bribe Spaniards" states that in respect of the first three payments "correspondence [was] destroyed November 1940 with Sir Horace Wilson's approval." Wilson was then the senior civil servant at the Treasury and head of the Home Civil Service.

One of the bribe recipients were Gen. Luis Orgaz, commander of Spanish forces in North Africa after 1941, who was seen at the time as pro-German, making him especially useful as a secret British agent. A report from the British Consul-General at Tangiers, later buried in the Foreign Official files, spelled out Orgaz's character as:

"a man in whom vanity, lack of culture and shyness combine to produce a violent bully who exacts terrified obedience from civilians and military alike."

Orgaz was careful not to make his monarchist sympathies too obvious, and by the end of the war Franco promoted him to Chief of the General Staff. Another officer who had sold himself to the Cavalry of St George was less discreet: Gen. Alfredo Kindelan openly advertised his preference for a restoration of the monarchy to replace Franco's dictatorship, though the Governor of Gibraltar reported after meeting him in April 1942 that "Kindelan struck me as elderly, tired and altogether lacking in pep." Franco removed him from all official Army positions at the start of 1943, but he remained on the Juan March payroll as someone who might be a credible figurehead if an anti-German coup proved necessary.

Yet another of the British-funded conspirators was Gen. Antonio Aranda, who had headed the Spanish military delegation to Berlin after Franco's 1939 victory in the Civil War, and was then put in charge of the Valencia region. Franco knew that Aranda was a Freemason, and sacked him as head of the Army War College in October 1942.

The British files makes clear that another key conspirator receiving bribes was Gen. Juan Luis Beigbeder, former Foreign Minister of Spain, who had drawn up a contingency plan to buy support of Moorish troops in North Africa. In the event of Franco coming into the war on Germany's side, Beigbeder and his Moors would launch a royalist coup in support of Don Juan, son of the former English princess and friend of Juan March, Queen Ena.

"Under the slogan 'Viva el Rey' he will make his move, form a government and declare a regency, which England should recognise. In French and Spanish Morocco he is arranging that on one day and in both zones, Moors will not leave a single German alive."

This contingency plan formed part of "Operation Goldeneye", the overall codename for the plans drawn up under one of Hillgarth's closest contacts in Naval Intelligence, Ian Fleming, from August 1940. Hillgarth wrote in a summary report to Naval Intelligence on November 20th 1941:

"As originally conceived, Goldeneye was a Joint Mission of the three Services. ...Goldeneye is really a precaution against a German invasion of Spain."

During 1940-41 Ian Fleming met with Roosevelt's emissary Col. William Donovan, who was later to establish the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), forerunner of the CIA. Although the U.S. was still officially neutral, Donovan was pursuing a secret anti-German policy on President Roosevelt's behalf. A "Most Secret" report from Ian Fleming to his naval intelligence bosses in July 1941 revealed that Donovan had an initial budget of $10 million, and had already recruited anti-German propaganda agents including the journalist William Shirer, later author of the best-selling but heavily propagandist "history" *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.*

Fleming added: "President is very enthusiastic and Donovan has his full support, but rumour that Donovan is British nominee and a hireling of British SIS is spreading and should be carefully watched."

Meanwhile with the U.S. still officially neutral, the Goldeneye files indicate that Britain's contingency plan against any Spanish-German alliance was concentrating on undercover operations rather than conventional military plans. As one naval intelligence document put it:
"We have reconsidered functions of Goldeneye. For the time being it appears unlikely that our other commitments will allow us to undertake regular operations upon the mainland of Iberian peninsula or Spanish Morocco. We wish, however, to keep the position open."

This involved plans for "guerrilla and demolition operations", and for Spanish ships to be evacuated from various ports, which would then be targeted by British saboteurs equipped with specialist naval explosives. The veteran smuggler Juan March would of course facilitate these operations, in line with the plans developed as early as 1939.

It was in the spring of 1941 that the political side of March's bribery plan was mobilised in earnest, as hinted in Hugh Dalton's diary and confirmed in notes between Prime Minister Churchill and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. With the entire war in the balance, it seemed likely that Spain's foreign minister Ramon Serrano Suñer would persuade Franco to sign up to the Axis, or Tripartite Pact, which had been agreed between Germany, Italy and Japan the previous year.

Hillgarth came to London with a message from Juan March and the generals he had bought on Britain's behalf. Eden minuted Churchill on 26th April 1941: "I have just seen Hillgarth... He is absolutely convinced that if Franco and Suñer sign the Tripartite Pact there will be serious trouble in Spain and he by no means accepts that all is lost there."

Eden suggested that Hillgarth should attend the next Cabinet meeting and inform Churchill's ministers about the Spanish situation, but the prime minister knew that the full details of the bribery scheme were too secret to be shared even with his own government colleagues. He told Eden that it would not be possible for Hillgarth to be candid, even in a Cabinet meeting: "The basis of Captain Hillgarth's policy is of the most secret character, and cannot possibly be mentioned. Yet without it, his assurances would not carry conviction." Instead of a discussion with ministers, Churchill met Hillgarth privately over lunch.

A few days later the Cavalry of St George charged to victory, as the years of British bribes took effect. Foreign Minister Suñer and the pro-German Falangists were neutralised, as Franco appointed two of the main British agents to key commands: Orgaz took charge of Spanish forces in Morocco and Kindelan in Catalonia. Ambassador Hoare sent a personal and "Most Secret" note to Eden warning against any public gloating:

"No doubt you have realised that the political changes here are directly due to the secret plan of which you and the Prime Minister are aware. This makes it all the more necessary to stop any publicity that may give the impression that we are greatly interested in what has happened."

Hence Dalton's discretion and the cryptic nature of his diary entry mentioned at the start of this article – though characteristically he could not resist a triumphal reference. The bribes continued via March for the rest of the war: there is no official total in the files, but it can be calculated at roughly $15 million.

The only real difficulty occurred in the autumn of 1941 when the American authorities (then still officially neutral) spotted suspicious movements of gold and suspected that this had something to do with sinister nazi plots, since naive liberals in the Washington bureaucracy regarded Juan March as a genuine fascist!

In their anti-fascist zeal, the Americans were about to derail Churchill's bribery scheme by freezing Juan March's secret accounts. The financial counsellor at the British Embassy in Washington, R.J. Stopford, paid a late night visit to the home of U.S. Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau, accompanied by one of Morgenthau's Treasury Department lawyers, John Pehle, who had been in charge of freezing suspicious foreign accounts in American banks.

Stopford explained that March was a British agent, not a fascist. Nine days before Pearl Harbor, Pehle and Morgenthau quietly arranged the unfreezing of his $10 million.

The British establishment's ultimate pay-off for Juan March, gangland fixer and buyer of generals, came after the defeat of Germany and Italy, who had done so much to secure Nationalist victory in Spain's civil war, only to be comprehensively betrayed. Winston Churchill had by now lost power but was still leader of the Conservative Party and effectively Prime Minister in waiting: he was careful to keep his links to Juan March secret. In July 1946 he wrote to his old intermediary Hillgarth: "It would give me great pleasure to meet Mr March... Perhaps you would be so kind as to give Mr March my regards and express my regret that I am unable to see him on this occasion."

By this point Juan March was occupied with his greatest fraud: the takeover of Spain's largest utility company, the Barcelona Traction, Light and Power Company. This enormous enterprise had been created by Canadian and American investors before the First World War but in 1945 was 80% owned by Belgian interests. During the 1930s it had funded the expansion of electrical power projects in Spanish cities by issuing bonds, whose interest was payable in sterling.

Due to a shortage of sterling after the Civil War and the Second World War, Franco's government prevented Barcelona Traction from paying this interest. At the start of the war Juan March had proposed to British Naval Intelligence a scheme by which German merchant ships could be forced into a situation where they defaulted on Spanish debts, allowing his front companies to seize them on London's behalf. An almost identical plot was played out in the post-war years against the unfortunate investors in Barcelona Traction. March's front companies bought up the sterling bonds. He then went to a Spanish judge and argued that the company was in default. The judge agreed and bankrupted Barcelona Traction. March took over the company: at least £20 million in assets alone, having invested just £2 million in buying the bonds!

For the next twenty years Barcelona Traction's original owners fought March – by then the seventh richest man in the world – in Spanish and international courts. The Spanish godfather's co-conspirators were also sued by the mainly Belgian investors, and they included not only Alan Hillgarth, who had become March's close business associate, but also some of the biggest names in the City of London: accountant Henry Benson, senior partner in Coopers & Lybrand; Ralph Jarvis, director of Hill Samuel; Cyril Kleinwort of the eponymous family banking firm (very closely tied to Juan March for many years) which was later merged to create Kleinwort Benson; and Sir Arthur Page QC, former Chief Justice of Burma in the pre-war British Empire, who had been a senior intelligence official in the Ministry of Economic Warfare after 1939, ideally placed to prevent any awkward investigators from interfering with March's multimillion gold transfers, smuggling and bribery schemes.

Juan March died after a car accident in 1962. His son built up one of the world's greatest art collections, and the grandchildren of this semi-literate crypto-Jewish gangster continue to operate the Juan March Foundation – Spain's largest cultural sponsors – and the Majorca-based Banca March, rated in 2010 as the most securely capitalised European bank in a continent-wide "stress test exercise."

It is commonplace among nationalists to point out that we Europeans were all losers in the Second World War. But the story of Juan March and the Cavalry of St George indicates that in certain quarters there were some winners.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

Editor's note: A book by Peter Rushton will be published in 2014 – titled Tinker, Tailor, Banker, Spy. *This book will uncover some long-hidden aspects of various 1940s intelligence operations, including the saga of Juan March and the Cavalry of St George. Further details will appear in a forthcoming issue of* Heritage and Destiny.

Book Review: *The New Unhappy Lords*, by A.K. Chesterton

The New Unhappy Lords: An Exposure of Power Politics, by A.K. Chesterton, 5th Edition August 2013, published by the A.K. Chesterton Trust, ISBN 978-0-9575403-2-3 201 pages. Paperback available for £8.50, Hardback with dust jacket available for £19.00, plus 10% p&p (UK); 30% (Europe); 40% (Rest of World); from BM Candour, London, WC1N 3XX, or online at www.candour.org.uk

When this reviewer joined the party of which the author of this book was the founding Chairman forty years ago, the National Front, this was the volume that soon was pressed into his hands to Explain Everything and ensure I "knew the score."

The Everything it purported to Explain was indeed important and needed explaining. Basically the almost complete transformation of an entire civilization from within, in the space of less than a century, without most of its members apparently resisting or in most cases even knowing. A transformation already well advanced in the 1970s and now all but complete.

One hundred years ago in 1913, Western – then explicitly and proudly White – civilization ruled almost the entire planet. Only in Japan, parts of China, Ethiopia and Liberia did the White Man not govern. A state of affairs generally seen as reflecting his innate racial superiority and expected to persist indefinitely. To be reinforced and secured, many argued, by a scientific programme of eugenics, of racial improvement. A cause espoused right across the political spectrum, by the socialist George Bernard Shaw and the feminist Marie Stopes amongst others. Race mixing was generally seen as immoral and in much of the world was illegal. The heterosexual family was acknowledged in law and public opinion as the bedrock of society. Britain ruled the greatest Empire in human history and, although challenged economically by Germany and the USA, was still seen as the world's greatest Power. Like all the other (White) major Powers, Britain was completely sovereign, her government and laws answerable to her Parliament and no one else.

Today the Empires have gone, replaced by a mass of often corruptly and incompetently ruled microstates. From governing the world, Whites today struggle to retain control of their own homelands, in which on present demographic trends they will in a couple of generations often be ethnic minorities themselves. Any suggestion of innate racial differences, even more so eugenics, then the common currency of the entire political spectrum, including the literary "chattering classes" and the Socialist Left, is now unspeakable in polite society and in many cases illegal. The heterosexual family is on the decline, and now seen as *passé*, at best simply a choice amongst lifestyles many of which, such as homosexuality, were in fact illegal a century ago. Ever more children are born out of wedlock, a situation unacceptable then but commonplace now. Britain, like France and Germany, has lost not only her Empire but most if not all of her national independence, being subservient to unelected bureaucrats in Brussels and, like the rest of the World, sundry UN Conventions and other aspects of so-called "international law."

It would be no great exaggeration to say that the values and nature of society have almost totally reversed in three generations. Today's society would have been seen by almost everyone in 1913, from Theodore Roosevelt, Herbert Asquith and the Kaiser to the fledgling Labour Party and even, apart only from the end of the colonial Empires, Vladimir Lenin and Leon Bronstein/Trotsky, as utterly alien and repellent in almost every detail. They would conclude that the civilization they saw at its zenith was now decadent, doomed and in the latter stages of collapse – in which they would undoubtedly be right. And they would be amazed that a process that took Rome centuries had occurred in a single long human lifetime. Even more amazed to discover that it had happened without most of the population apparently even noticing as their world changed – or was changed – around them.

What happened? This is the question A.K. Chesterton's book, written in the 1960s when the process was already well advanced, seeks to answer. What certainly didn't happen, despite the supposed form of government of the dominant political entities, Britain, the USA and France, throughout all the period in question, is that the people changed their views and underlying values, leading democratically elected governments to reflect that change, giving effect to a general public desire to give away most of the land they ruled, undermine the family, legalise every perversion and vice, and import millions of Afro-Asian Immigrants to spice up our streets. No-one ever stood in an election demanding that, and they would have got a derisory vote if they had. This quite amazing and radical change did not come from the bottom up. It must, therefore, have come from the top down.

How? Chesterton's book offers a simple answer. It was the work of a Vast International Conspiracy, controlled, he after some equivocation finally concludes, ultimately by Jews, bent on establishing a "One-World Communist global tyranny" on mankind. The Conspiracy, which he also describes as "the New York Money Power", subverted governments in secret across the planet, and worked sedulously to take over and transform the civilization in which it had taken root.

Chesterton was a long-standing British Nationalist, originally a supporter of Sir Oswald Mosley before breaking with him in 1938, the leader of the post-War League of Empire Loyalists and a key figure in the unification of the LEL with John Bean's British National Party to form the National Front, of which he was Chairman until deposed in 1970, reflecting that Party's depressing tradition of factionalism and splits to which the organisation that clings to its name evidently remains faithful to this day. As such he and this book were massively influential, and led to the not entirely baseless jibe that in the 1970s the NF's policy was the Blacks and its ideology was the Jews.

Now this new edition of Chesterton's classic work, published by those who loyally keep the flame of the man and his work, notably his magazine *Candour* (whose subscribers in its heyday included some surprising figures, such as J.R.R. Tolkien), enables his ideas to be re-examined by a new generation of Nationalists (and in this case by a member of an old generation thereof!)

Another veteran Nationalist, Andrew Brons MEP, contributes a foreword to the Fifth Edition which this reviewer completely endorses. Like me, Mr Brons is sympathetic to AKC's book, but not uncritical. Like me, he thinks it should be read "carefully and critically" and neither rejected as mere paranoid conspiracy-theory crankery nor swallowed whole as the Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth.

Like this reviewer, Mr Brons feels that AKC does not help his own case by the "ill-advised", as Mr B puts it, over-use of the word "conspiracy" throughout the book. Sometimes to describe events and their causes which, though true, were not actually conspiracies at all.

AKC's book reviews a lot of little-known aspects of 20th Century history which do indeed shed an interesting and often sinister light on that history. Wall Street bankers bankrolling Bolshevik revolutionaries, and popping up again and again in secretive bodies pursuing an internationalist agenda, from the Council on Foreign Relations and the Royal Institute of International Affairs to the Bilderberg Group. It certainly provides food for thought for anyone who naively believes the "official" version of history taught in schools – when history, beyond slavery and the Holocaust, was taught in schools of course.

It would provide a lot more food for such thought were it not for what AKC himself refers to as "the strength and the weakness of this book...that it is not annotated." In fact, no sources or references are ever given. In this reviewer's opinion that is simply a great weakness and in no sense a strength

at all. The author should have remembered the maxim that "extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence." If he expects people who do not already agree with him to take his claims – many of which will appear bizarre and outlandish at first – seriously then he needs to supply the evidence on which those claims are based, and not simply assert them.

The more so as in fact that evidence does exist, in most cases. The things Chesterton says happened did happen, and the people he claims did or said things did do or say them. Those, like this reviewer, who were provoked by their initial reading of this book to try and check the facts stated in it will generally find, often with some difficulty but eventually, that they do stand up. As will become clear, this reviewer has some issues with the conclusions Chesterton draws, but not with the facts he cites on which those conclusions were based.

In fairness, Chesterton as he says is sometimes his own source, in that, unlike British Nationalists since his day, he was on nodding terms with much of the Establishment of his day – he worked for a while personally with the press baron Lord Beaverbrook for example – and he says, I am sure truthfully, that he was told things in confidence so he cannot, rightly, honourably betray the tellers.

It is also worth pointing out that representing Chesterton's view as being that the destructive transformation of our civilization was the work of a monolithic Conspiracy led by sinister Jews is actually a caricature of a much more complex, nuanced and, dare I say it, credible analysis. Chesterton sees the hand of an international Power Elite, of wealthy, influential. cosmopolitan bankers, financiers, politicians and thinkers behind world events. And he makes a good case that such a hand is, indeed, present, although whether it is the only or indeed the main power at work here is more debatable. Chesterton concedes that this Elite is not a monolith, that it has internal disagreements and conflicts which sometimes visibly affect how it manifests itself in events. But he argues that it shares an aim – expressed by the historian Arnold Toynbee, Director of Chatham House as "removing the instrument of sovereignty from the hands of local nation states," working towards a single planetary World State.

Arnold Toynbee (*above right*) was an archetypal member of the 20th century globalist elite who deliberately set out to destroy the power of independent nation states. He is shown here with veteran British intelligence agent James Auchmuty (*above left*), Vice-Chancellor of Newcastle University, New South Wales, and Douglas McDougall, Lord Mayor of Newcastle.

As Chesterton concedes, many, perhaps most, of those working to this end do so for high-minded reasons, honestly believing that one World Government would end war and poverty, injustice etc. etc. Others – and he is undoubtedly right here too – see in such a global government a means of concentrating all power in their own hands. Chesterton seems to take for granted that his readers will simply *ipso facto* think a world government is inherently A Bad Thing (and he throws in the odd adjective such as "communistic" to ensure they do) – reflecting another weakness I see in this book: that it often is written as if preaching to the converted.

But it is worth stopping for a moment and understanding why a universal government for all humanity would be a Very Bad Thing inherently. Regardless of who set it up or why. An Aryan *Weltreich* run by the World Union of National Socialists as much as a United World Soviet Socialist Republic or a United Nations of Global Market Economies or the Messianic Rule of the Learned Elders of Jewry or for that matter the Caliphate of Global Islam. Or whatever run by whomever for whyever.

A study of history will reveal the maggot in the heart of that apple. Human nature, basically. The prospect of great power attracts the seekers of great power. Some of whom are Not Nice People. Sooner or later such people will take over and that is it, basically. If there is only one State, once it falls into the hands of tyrants how will their rule ever end? The more so as any World State would – as its advocates realise, which is why as Chesterton reveals they promote much of it behind closed doors – not be universally popular or accepted, and would need to impose and maintain its rule on the recalcitrant by force.

Whoever set it up, with whatever high and possibly sincere ideals of "freedom, "human rights" and "equality" – or for that matter the Fourteen Words – a World State would end up, probably not before too long, as a corrupt, boot-stamping tyranny beneath the heel of which humanity groaned. Resentment would breed revolt, and revolt more repression, in an endless downward spiral. Sooner or later a revolt would succeed, at least locally, and war would return with a vengeance. Probably the first successful revolt would be suppressed with ruthless use of WMDs by the World State, breeding more hate and dissension amongst its increasingly downtrodden serfs. More revolts, more bitterly fought and more ruthlessly put down. Also sooner or later conflict would break out within the Power Elite itself. The Year of the Four Emperors with nukes, anyone?...

At best it would achieve a stability only in stagnation, in becoming an increasingly ossified bureaucracy devoted as far as possible to the avoidance of any change, or progress of any sort whatever, ever. It would either succumb eventually to entropy, and decay, or, worse, it would endure long enough to engage the gears of evolution. If any sort of dissent and thereby independent thought was weeded out century after century, millennium after millennium, any genes that promoted such independence of thought, or even made their bearers more likely to be a square peg in the round hole of the global Final Society, however subtle their contribution, would be gradually but inexorably bred out of the population. Or not so gradually, if the Power Elite, the overlord caste, decided to breed it out deliberately, to domesticate people as people domesticated wolves and wild horses. Which could certainly be done. What remained might be peaceful, and stable, as an ant or termite colony is peaceful and stable. It would not by anyone's standards any longer be human.

Any World State that endured at all would inevitably either fall, bringing down civilization with it. Or evolve into something not merely inhuman but unhuman.

It is a Bad Idea. But one that, *pace* Chesterton, has many open and quite unconspiratorial advocates amongst the governing elites of the World, as it has had for many decades, even before the First World War. Many idealistic internationalists make no secret of what they want, at least as an ultimate aspiration. They may be wrong and indeed dangerous. But they argue their case openly, and seek converts by persuasion. They are not conspirators any more than the racial nationalists running *Heritage and Destiny*, who do likewise, are conspirators, and representing them as such sounds absurd to most and does nothing to impede their progress.

Others are not so much conspirators as simply liars. A classic example is Edward Heath. Heath made no real secret of his belief that the nations of Europe uniting in a superstate was desirable, largely because it would avoid any more internecine wars such as the one in which he had fought in the 1940s, nor that he saw the then Common Market – as its founders did – as the nucleus of such a superstate. But throughout the accession debate from 1970 to 1973 he repeatedly lied to Parliament and the British public about this, denying that joining the Common Market would entail any loss of essential sovereignty on Britain's part whilst all the time not only knowing this was not true but wishing it not to be true. That does not make Heath a "conspirator", as Chesterton saw him, but it does make him, and his successors who have done the same ever since, a liar and in this case a traitor.

Heath was actually typical of liberal Establishment politicians in that he saw the public as an ignorant backward bunch who needed to be led into a "civilized" (i.e. liberal internationalist) society by enlightened leaders like him. Roy Jenkins, who played a key role in legalising homosexuality and

abortion and abolishing the death penalty without having, or caring that he had, a vestige of a mandate from the electorate to do any such thing was another example of liberal elitist arrogance. Again he made no real secret of the fact that he thought himself wiser than those who elected him, and had no intention of reflecting their "ignorant, prejudiced and backward" views.

Simply bracketing all internationalist liberals of this sort as "part of The Conspiracy" is misleading. Probably also counterproductive, in that as Andrew Brons points out "conspiracy theories" are generally dismissed as paranoia, and risk being bracketed with superficially similar arguments that the world is actually being run by giant lizards or whatever.

It also risks an intellectual death-spiral into a form of political solipsism in that if "They" are all-powerful, They will of course fake any evidence to the contrary and indeed will take particular pains to ensure that They control any opposition to or exposure of their nature and aims. This suggests that the likes of A.K. Chesterton must of course have been One of Them (why else did They allow him to publish his book?) and any and all organised opposition to Them must be run by Them as a safety valve – indeed the only person the Conspiracy Theorist can be sure isn't one of Them is him- or her- self! Resistance, clearly, Is Futile.

A young A.K. Chesterton (*above right*) with fellow World War I veteran Sir Oswald Mosley. Chesterton joined the British Union of Fascists in 1933 and became the party's director of publicity and editor of its newspaper *Blackshirt*.

Another significant force in changing the nature of our society which Chesterton seems simply not to have noticed at all is the implementation by dissident Communists such as Marcuse, Habermas and others of the so-called "Frankfurt School" of a strategy of achieving political leverage devised by the Italian Communist Antonio Gramsci; the "cultural struggle" and the "March through the Institutions." This lot created what became by the early 1960s the New Left, with its move beyond (and indeed away from) fighting for the working class to Minority Politics, Gay, Women's, and the other sundry Libs, Black Power etc. etc. By the time Chesterton was writing this book, this bunch were avidly spreading their ideas through universities across the West. Each Frankfurter in a university infecting his fellow academics who infected their students. By the late Sixties the "Student Movement" was ranting and rioting across campuses all over the West. It attempted a revolution in France in May 1968 – failing partly because the industrial workers in the Old Left proved incorrigibly socially conservative and fell out with them – and helped undermine the deeply strategically flawed and confused US effort in Vietnam. So Chesterton should have seen them coming, but in fact hardly mentions them.

They were actually probably more important in what was happening to society on the ground than all his Bilderbergers and CFRs and Chatham Houses put together. For the mass of Red students of the late Sixties and early 1970s they spawned – some of whom this reviewer remembers throwing things at him at Red Lion Square in June 1974 – went on, in compliance with Gramsci's strategy, to go where they could "make a difference". Education and the media. The Red Teachers against which *Bulldog* and the Young National Front campaigned vociferously if not very effectually in the early Eighties were the Red Students of the Seventies, indoctrinated by the Red Lecturers of the Sixties, themselves inspired by the Red Academics of the Frankfurt School going back to the Fifties. They in turn brainwashed a generation of schoolkids in "anti-racism" and thus spawned modern Political Correctness. This process wasn't secret, and it wasn't really a Conspiracy, and though some of its key protagonists were Jewish it wasn't really run by Jews as such. But it certainly proved effective in moulding social attitudes and the permitted parameters of political debate.

Clearly this reveals Chesterton's analysis as, if not incorrect, at least incomplete. As does his omission of some of the principal causes of the decline and fall of the British Empire, something the Empire Loyalist AKC laments and chronicles in interesting, and sometimes (when regaling the reader with examples of just how unprepared Africans were for "independence") hilarious, detail.

The main reason the British Empire fell is not that it was undermined by conspirators but that it bankrupted itself in two disastrous World Wars, as did its other European rivals. Whilst Nationalists tend to be more interested in the Second, it was the First World War in which Europe, quite needlessly, slit its own throat. Squandering its best blood and generations of accumulated treasure in four years of massively suicidal slaughter. This war would not have happened if perhaps the greatest Prime Minister Britain never had, Joseph Chamberlain, had succeeded in his aim of forging an Anglo-German alliance in the 1890s (his other unsuccessful ambition of Imperial Federation incidentally inspired A.K. Chesterton's own Greater Britain policy, but was by then too late). Alternatively, or additionally, had events at Fashoda in the Sudan in 1898 turned out only slightly differently, Britain would have come into a certainly swiftly victorious conflict with France then, which would also have prevented World War One.

On the other hand, one conspiracy Chesterton doesn't mention, but which is indisputably real, arose in the years just before the First World War when elements in the British General and Naval Staff, aided, abetted and egged on by elements of the Liberal Cabinet, set up a secret alliance and joint war plan with their French counterparts, of which the public and indeed much of the cabinet were kept wholly ignorant. When France went to war with Germany in August 1914, the revelation of this plan implying that Britain must join in the war regardless appalled much of Asquith's Cabinet. Had the Germans not invaded Belgium it was clear this plan would be disavowed and the Cabinet, let alone Parliament, would vote to stay out of the war. The Germans nearly didn't invade Belgium. The Kaiser ordered that invasion stopped on August 1st 1914, but disastrously allowed himself to be browbeaten by his Chief of Staff, the junior Moltke, into reversing his stand and letting the invasion of Belgium go ahead after all. This sort of thing is how history actually happens – rather less neatly than those who tie it all up in tidy Conspiracies think.

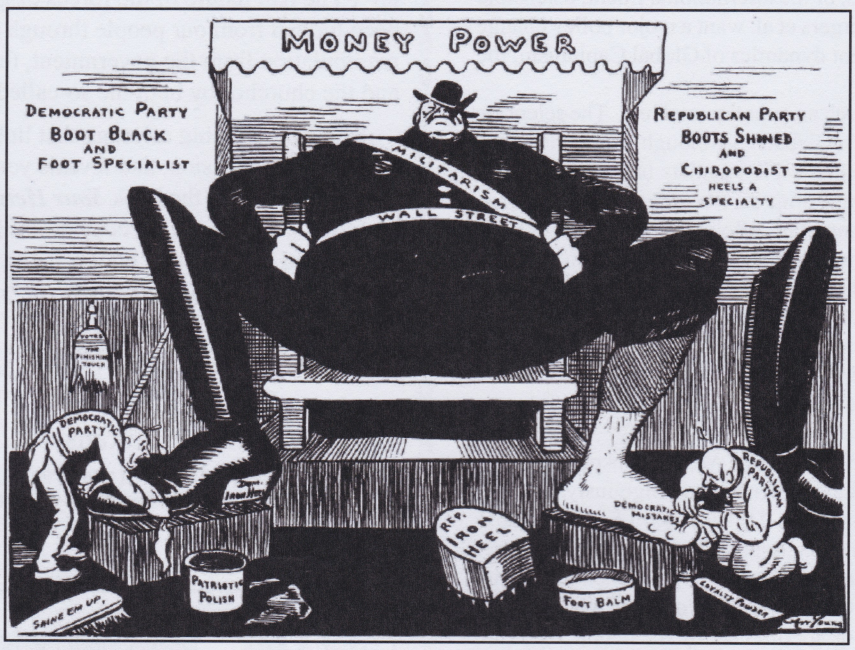
After the First World War Britain and indeed France needed decades of peace to rebuild their economies. They did not get them. Another disastrous round of fratricidal war completed their ruination.

Chesterton rightly sees Hitler and Mussolini as breaking with what he sees as "the New York Money Power", but which from today's perspective is clearly the emerging globalised capitalist economy. He suggests that this was what caused the Second World War: the Conspirators made Britain and France fight Hitler. This is not really true. Chesterton himself rightly criticises Hitler for the unnecessary and provocative invasion of the rump Czech Republic around Prague (minus Slovakia which had broken away and the Sudetenland and any possible defensive positions which Germany had peacefully been conceded at Munich) in March 1939. This convinced Neville Chamberlain that Hitler's ambitions extended beyond reuniting all Germans in one state and led him and the French to issue an unwise guarantee to the Poles, which the latter took as a blank cheque entitling them to intransigence and provocative behaviour leading to the German invasion in September 1939 and the war.

Chesterton also fails to mention the role of Winston Churchill, who in the summer of 1940 behaved much as Hitler is portrayed as behaving some years later, refusing to face the fact that he could not now win the war and taking refuge in demagogic ranting over the radio and fantasising about improbable events saving his skin at the last minute. By September 1940 Britain was trapped in a war that it could not win unless the other side made a string of unforced errors. Churchill bullied and blustered and bluffed the Cabinet into carrying on, running down the last of three hundred years' accumulation of financial reserves, selling us deep into debt to Wall Street and the USA and hoping Micawberishly that something would turn up.

As it did – Hitler underestimated the Russians and did not even pay the lip service to liberating rather than enslaving them that would have caused Stalin's regime to collapse. The Japanese betrayed the spirit of the anti-Comintern Pact by failing to help the war against Bolshevism and instead short-sightedly gobbling up almost undefended British, French and Dutch colonies and starting a hopeless war with the USA. Worse, a Soviet spy in the German Embassy in Tokyo, Richard Sorge, tipped Stalin off that the Japanese had told Germany they would not attack the USSR, so Stalin could ship crack Siberian troops West to stop the Germans in the suburbs of Moscow.

Chesterton omits all this and then gives the impression the Americans came into the War at the behest of Wall St., The Jews etc. In fact they did so because Hitler for no reason declared war on them as a reaction to Pearl Harbor, even though the Führer was well aware of the massive economic strength of America and his plan was to avoid taking it on until he, or by then probably his successors, had created a rival superpower from the Rhine to the Urals. Had Hitler done nothing it is highly unlikely Roosevelt, however much he certainly wanted to, could or would even have tried to get war with Germany through Congress, which, like the American people, wanted to fight Japan, which had attacked them, not Germany, which hadn't. Actually the really brilliant Hitler response to Pearl Harbor, which would have kept the US out of the war and thus ensured German victory, would have been to declare war on Japan, citing betrayal of the anti-Comintern Pact and the solidarity of the White Race against non-Whites! Of course, Germany would not and could not have actually done anything to fight Japan, but endless mischief could have been caused by, for example, offering German troops to defend India in return for a ceasefire with Britain and an end to British aid to Stalin.



As things developed, by 1945 Britain was bankrupt, wrecked and desperately in hock to the USA. Chesterton makes a Big Conspiracy of US hostility to the continuation of the British Empire, but this was never a secret at the time. The US officially opposed colonial empires and supported independence for their peoples (as it had since 1776, really). Even Churchill got the message, moaning to Roosevelt that he had not become Prime Minister to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire. He did not have to – the electorate turfed him out the first time they got any say in his being their Prime Minister. The collapse of the British Empire after 1945 was inevitable because Churchill and his cronies had bankrupted it. Only massive US military and economic support could have saved our Empire. That was never going to happen firstly because the US did not believe in an Empire it was created to escape from, and secondly because the US feared the Soviets would exploit anti-colonialism if the US supported the Empires.

The other big after effect of the Second World War was the association between any form of "racism" and genocide, horror pics of skeletons in pyjamas etc. Ironically much of this stemmed from German camps such as Belsen, Buchenwald and Dachau in which even Yad Vashem admits nobody was ever gassed. A combination of emotive radio and newsreel reports and newspaper photographs of the aftermath of the outbreak of typhus in chaotic camps in a bombed-out wreck of a country was enough to establish the Horrors of Nazism – and anything that could be or might be linked to Nazism – in the public mind across the West. Of course, having typhus break out in the camps was not German policy any more than having it break out in Naples in late 1943 was Allied policy. But the horrific images generated were extremely effective politically. Ironically, like the Story of Anne Frank, these images have nothing to say one way or the other about any alleged German plan systematically to gas the Jews, which is alleged to have occurred in other camps far away to the East. Yad Vashem, the Jewish Holocaust Memorial, itself accepts that the camps in Germany itself such as Belsen etc. used as evidence of the Nazi Holocaust are no such thing, as these were not in fact death camps at all. But whatever the historical fact, or otherwise, of the Holocaust, images of these camps served to establish the political fact of the Holocaust.

This in turn, as much as any "Conspiracies," made it extremely difficult for any Establishment politician to oppose effectively the flood of non-White Immigrants that began after the War. It also led ordinary Jews, who also believed in the Holocaust, to mobilise against any movement that had any sort of racial survival policy, in order to secure their own racial survival. To this day, Jews honestly and, given the truth as they believe it to be, understandably, fear that any sort of assertion of racial identity by Whites will lead to them being gassed. So not unnaturally they resist it. This usually leads to White nationalists resenting Jews they see opposing them, and thus indeed becoming hostile to Jews, also understandably, which then justifies Jewish hostility to them and so on. In this case, the effect is to create a genuine Jewish conspiracy – or united community defence as the Jews would see it – against Nationalists. All of this led to a complete failure of the West to resist mass Immigration after 1945. Between them, Hitler and Churchill had made World War II a war for the survival of European civilization, which European civilization lost.

But why did the immigrants come? To my mind Chesterton does not really answer this question satisfactorily. He blames it on Conspirators shipping them in to destroy the White Race and so further their One World aims. In fact they were shipped in by Capitalists to undercut White workers and reduce labour costs. Later instead of shipping Third World workers to Western factories, Western factories were shipped to Third World workers – Immigration was succeeded by offshoring.

This was all part of the process of the evolution of the Capitalist system of economic operation toward globalism, the global market economy under which, and to serve which, or as an effect of which we now suffer everything from mass Immigration to high fuel and food prices, from banking crises to the EU.

Global Capitalism seeks the free movement of Capital and Labour, of money and people, around the world, and works to undermine any obstacles thereunto, cultural or political. Feelings of racial, cultural and national identity amongst peoples and powers of national sovereignty amongst governments alike must be swept aside in the service of profit. For the Global Greed Machine serves (and promotes people to high office as far as they serve effectively) short-term return on investment.

To this end Capitalism has made a Devil's Bargain with Communism which AKC never anticipated. Capitalism has taken on board the social policies of the most radical Communists – anti-racism, the assorted "Libs", the assorted evils that culturally undermine the family, the Political Correctness of the Frankfurt School of Marxism, or maybe post-Marxism, to which it has added consumerist selfishness – whilst Communism and its Socialist penumbra have espoused the economic policies of Capitalism, championing the supremacy of the Market from New Labour to the plundering of post-Soviet Russia by the oligarchs. In the process global corporate Capitalism has promoted internationalist One-Worldist ideas and spawned its own international Power Elite of super-rich cosmopolitans much as Chesterton's Conspirators did. But in the service of economic forces they do not control either, not their own personal ideas.

This evolution of Capitalism toward its final form, which *pace* Lenin is not Imperialism but Globalism, has been going on for decades, as national

Capitalism gave way to global. AKC's book, interestingly, reflects this unknowingly, citing approvingly Henry Ford's *The International Jew* whilst repeatedly highlighting the bankrolling of internationalism by the Ford Foundation his corporation later spawned.

AKC did come very close indeed to grasping the importance of this process, the evolution of Capitalism. In his chapter XXVI he reveals that he does see the *laissez-faire* Manchester School of economics and the system it established as a significant factor in promoting internationalism. Perhaps if he had lived he might in time have come to see it as the significant factor, far more powerful than all his conspirators. In a way it is a touching reflection of an earlier world in which individual people matter, or can matter, more than vast impersonal forces, that he sees individuals and not corporations, banks and stock markets controlling the world. That he sees events directed by a plot and not a process.

That the converse is true emerges when the aims of the plot and the process diverge. When the Plotters, or the international liberal ostensible power elite of politicians, Bilderbergers et al. want a major policy change made that conflicts with the inherent dynamics of Global Capitalism, the real Money Power.

Climate change provides just such an experimental test. The scientific facts of climate change are open to debate. Although this reviewer is personally disappointed to see so many Nationalists breaking with the deep green roots of our movement going all the way back to the pioneering conservation and environmental policies of National Socialist Germany, and lining up unthinkingly or for cynical short term populist reasons with the spokesmen for Big Oil, Big Coal and Big Mining, and with reactionaries like Sarah Palin and Nigel Lawson. Because the Global Greed Machine serves its own internal profit motive dynamic by promoting continuing unrestricted CO2 emissions just as it promotes the continuing exploitation and despoliation of the Earth and its resources generally.

However, the Global Great and Good, all AKC's conspirators, and their mouthpieces amongst them, have lined up unambiguously and very publicly in the Climate Change is a Real Threat camp. Either because they believe it to be true or, as some Nationalists say, because they don't but hope to use it to ram through internationalist policies, deindustrialising White nations, establishing a Global Carbon Police or whatever. In either case if they run, or include or are directed by the people who run, the World behind the scenes we should see their will being done, or at least not visibly not being done.

But in fact we don't. Despite Presidents, Prime Ministers and the rest all gathering under UN auspices again and again in a way that would have A.K. Chesterton, were he still with us, reaching for his pen to proclaim Plotters At Work, very little has actually been achieved. From Kyoto onward, every Declaration has come to nothing, every CO2 target has been breached. International controls agreed have not been implemented, or have been circumvented or otherwise come to nothing, in no way advancing any cause, One World or other.

The level of CO2 in the atmosphere, the one objective measurable fact, has continued inexorably to rise – it has just passed 400 parts per million, having been 280 ppm when the Industrial Revolution began. AKC's Powerful Plotters are it seems powerless to halt, or even impose measures purporting to halt, the progress of the blind impersonal Process of Global Capitalism.

AK Chesterton's book reveals some truths behind events, certainly. But not it seems the ultimate truths that now determine our destiny. His Plotters helped the evolution of the Process that now runs the World, and certainly they hindered and continue to hinder those who would resist that process and save the World from it. For whether through climate change or resource exhaustion or social undermining or the instabilities inherent in its ever growing complexity and interdependence, and the ever more complex, fragile and overcrowded society that now depends on it, the Process of Global Capitalism threatens the World, Western Civilization and the Race that built it.

In the fight to save that Race, A.K. Chesterton was a doughty fighter. His book is a blow struck on our behalf. It is the Truth, and as far as its author knew Nothing But the Truth. It is not his fault that it is clear that by now, at least, it is not the Whole Truth. It is still worth reading.

Reviewed by Ian Freeman, Northwich, Cheshire

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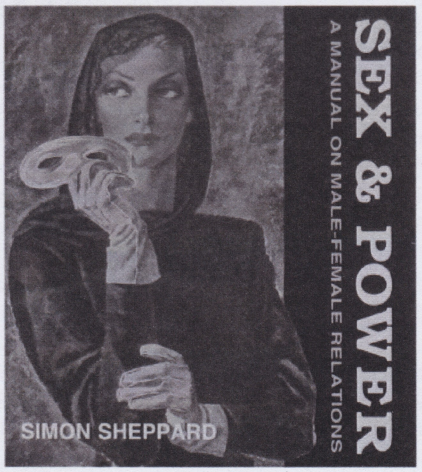


This is the book, recently published, which Sheppard began while in prison for distributing a comic book and putting politically-incorrect pages on the internet. His approach is based on evolution theory, simple game theory and sex differences. The biological basis of sex difference is set out in the first chapter, illustrated with graphs. Notions of 'equality' and 'political correctness' are seen merely as advanced strategies which allow males to be more readily exploited. *Sex & Power* is an earthy and at times humorous view of human relations from a masculine perspective. Available now priced £19.50 (post free) from the Heretical Press, PO Box 301, Carshalton, Surrey SM5 4QW.

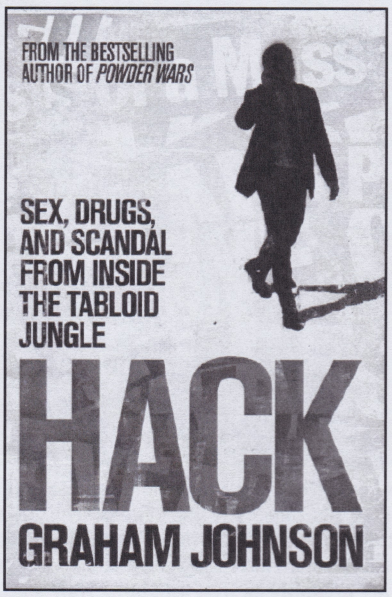
Book Review: *Hack* by Graham Johnson

Published by Simon & Schuster. 2012, ISBN 978-1849838771, 304pp (Soft back). Available for £7.99 from Simon & Schuster (UK), 1st Floor, 222 Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1X 8HB. Also online at www.simonandschuster.co.uk

With the beginning of the trial of former *News of the World* executives Rebekah Brooks and Andy Coulson for their involvement in phone hacking it might be an opportune moment to return to examine the tabloid world and take a closer look at the some of the characters who inhabit it.

Any nationalist who has ended up on the wrong end of a tabloid investigation might have asked themselves about their tormenters. What kind of men are these? What motivates them? Do they believe in what they are doing or is it just for the money?

Some of the answers are delivered in a surprisingly good memoir, *Hack,* written by a former *News of the World* reporter Graham Johnson and published, last year to little fanfare. Even if you think you are familiar with the downright disgusting methods of Fleet Street this book will leave your jaw hanging open.



By any standards this is one of the best Fleet Street memoirs ever published, not just because it is a blistering tale. Most Fleet Street autobiographies tend to be self-congratulatory recollections of hacks with still a lot to hide but *Hack* is different. Johnson suffered a spectacular fall from grace and reckons he had a spiritual awakening of his misdeeds on the *News of the World.*

Any story in which the author admits at the outset that he is a liar, cheat and fabricator must come with a huge health warning but the saving grace of *Hack* is that Johnson is no harder on anyone else than he is on himself. No-one is spared in this book. Not the reporters, not the executives, not the management, not the politicians or the police. All are laid out as self-seeking liars, charlatans and crooks. But first of all we have to travel with the author back in time to the mid-nineties and a greasy spoon cafe in Whitechapel in East London where two men are deep in conspiratorial conversation. Reporter Johnson was working undercover for the *News of the World* and had persuaded a drug-dealing member of Combat 18 called 'Nodder' to meet up and sell him some dangerously dodgy ecstasy tablets. In between racist rants and boasts of his links to UVF terrorists the deal was done.

"According to Nodder's back story the Fuhrer-worshipping white supremacist was obsessed with guns, loved attacking black people and chilled out listening to SS martial music."

As the two men departed the drug dealer's picture was taken or "snatched" by a photographer with a long distance lens. The following Sunday the *News of the World* ran a full-page expose. The headline screamed. "What A Nazi Bit Of Work. *News of the World* Exposes Thug Who Peddles Drugs to Fund Evil Race War".

The story was accompanied by a grainy covertly-taken photograph of Nodder wearing shades and carrying a brief case, walking unawares out of the cafe into a bustling street. The caption said it all: "Twisted." The evidence was damning. An adjacent photograph showed a far-right magazine called *Wannsee* that Nodder published "to spread his message of hate." The intro roared: "Britain's most indiscriminate racist thug has found a new way to discriminate against blacks – through the killer drugs he peddles to raise cash for his Nazi-style hate campaign." The gist was that Nodder was supplying an inferior, cheaper and even deadlier form of E for sale to black people.

The sick bigot explained: "They're cut to s*** and if you have enough they'll kill you. But who gives a f***? One less n***** the better."

The next paragraph claimed to prove that Nodder wasn't simply a lone nutter, cranking up the fear factor. The extent of the threat was self-evident. "Twisted Nodder, in his thirties, commands a group of 200 white supremacists bent on stirring up violence right across Britain."

As was customary, the payoff was a commitment by the paper to bring Nodder to justice. "Our dossier on Nodder and his vile pals is being passed to Scotland Yard."

But there was only one problem with all this. It was fabricated from head to foot. It wasn't exaggerated. It wasn't a germ of a story stretched to outrageous proportions. It was manufactured wholesale. As the author explains: "It's what is known in the trade as a 'stunt up.'" Not one word or picture was true. He made it all up from beginning to end. Nodder wasn't a Neo-Nazi. "In real life he was my mate Gav, to whom I had promised £400 to play the role for a day. The quotes didn't come from Nodder – they came from my imagination. The *Wannsee* magazine had a grand circulation of two" – Johnson paid Gav to knock it up on his Commodore 64 computer and print it out in their bedsit on a rainy February day. "We both read it, proud of our ingenuity."

The crucial point here is that Johnson had chosen the right target. There was no-one to answer back. The right was always the perfect target for exaggerated or as in this case fabricated stories because no-one had any sympathy. In other words if the victim was a nationalist that was ok because they didn't count.

The point of being a *News of the World* reporter was not just flying close to the edge but stepping well over it. The trick was ensuring that you did not get caught. Crucial to this was the dance of denial that Johnson would have to get into with executives such as Rebekah Brooks. In this little ritual the executive would grill the reporter that everything was above board; that the reporter had behaved impeccably, that the evidence was unquestionable, the quotes accurate and honestly obtained and that no hanky panky had taken place. In this dance the executive knows the reporter is lying, the reporter knows the executive knows he is lying and they both know they have to go through the motions. But it is an exercise that allows the executive a form of deniability and is probably no different to what goes on in the police, in the banking PPI 'mis-selling' fraud scandal and indeed every other high-pressure workplace.

So what kind of man is this most politically correct reporter who spouts anti-right wing sentiments at the drop of a hat. What kind of morality does he follow?

To find out we need look no further than one of his assignments which came after the 1994 Canary Wharf bombing. Johnson was dispatched to get a hospital bed picture and interview with a black cleaner who had been severely injured after she had been cut to shreds with flying glass.

She hadn't given permission but that didn't deter Johnson who duly shipped up at her bedside with an armful of flowers and a disposable camera to get a "snatch pitch" of the ailing patient.

He had posed as a relative and arrived at her bedside just as she was about to go into an emergency three hour operation to save her eyesight. He got his pictures but even in her semi-conscious state, high on morphine and still reeling with pain the woman sensed there was something terribly wrong. She struggled, shifting in her bed and began feeling for the panic button. And then she began to scream. Johnson dropped the flowers and walked away.

He was counting on two things. That she was so pumped full of pharmaceuticals she wouldn't remember. That she was a poor, powerless African immigrant confused by the horrific events that had befallen her and who wouldn't dare go up against the might of News Interna-

tional. Then two of her doctors, incensed by what happened, wrote the formal complaint on her behalf. He knew he was in trouble and had to move fast. He had to get dirt on her, any dirt. Frantically he dug into her immigration status. Was she legal? Was she working cash in hand and claiming benefits? He made inquiries to see if she was involved in petty crime but drew a blank. There was no other way but to visit her and lean on her in person.

He writes: "One night I drove 300 miles from a job up north to Barbara's dingy tower block in East London. I woke her up and got her out of bed. This time I leant on her coercing and bullying her into signing a scribble hand-written (by me) 'statement'. It was a get out of jail free card stating that she had given me permission and she didn't want to make a complaint against us and that she considered the payments I got her as sufficient compo."

He continues: "Before I left her flat I flipped it saying that I was going to lose my job if she didn't straighten the doctors out. Pathetically I asked her for pity. Barbara was vulnerable and lonely and living in a shithole but I left her in no uncertain terms that I'd be livid if she didn't sort all this shit out. After all she was a fucking cleaner. As the silver metal doors closed on the piss stinking lift I could see the ridges of scar tissue on her arms and face – the remnants of the 300 stitches that had sewn her back together. I was pleased. It was a good night's work." None of it worked and in the end the *NoW* had to deliver a massive apology.

Drug lords, pimps, paedos and prostitutes were the people he mixed with but his victims were "inadequate dolies" living "housing benefit lives in bedsits." Like a council estate loan shark he fed on the lowest and most vulnerable in the land who were hand-picked because of their inability to fight back. Council estates were his preferred stalking ground. "I knew I could manipulate the residents into saying pretty much anything. Feeding off their greedy desires and petty hatreds."

A typical *News of the World* front page story exposing the British nazi menace! The paper was closed down by its owners in 2011 amid allegations of illegal phone-hacking and other crimes: two of its former editors (Rebekah Brooks and Andy Coulson) are presently on trial with other *NoW* staff.

His motto was "Let's go and destroy someone's life." Then another unsuspecting member of the public living in a nowhere town who hadn't done much wrong would find themselves trashed in the national press. "These were the good times."

"No-one ever batted an eye on my gratuitous attacks on the defenceless. Unpeople whose destroyed lives became my stock in trade. A sign of the times. Britain's once proud working class had been reduced to cowering husks of suspicious and divided groups. Community spirit, trade unions and mutual support replaced now with poverty, smackheads robbing old bingoites and living on the street. I was employed to make sure that the truth that led to this state of affairs was never aired. Instead the vices of the poor were to be blamed on themselves. My job was to fabricate the evidence."

An ordinary neighbour dispute that would have struggled to get into a local paper is turned into a nationwide epic with the simple addition of the words "Britain's angriest neighbour – Foul mouthed Jerome, 55, is a real life version of *Coronation Street* troublemaker Les Battersby." "Without this line the story would not have made it into the paper as it was an excuse to use the picture of a *Coronation Street* star. All of diary tabloid stories had to mention a celebrity in them. This would be the language the elite used to simultaneously distract and communicate with the masses."

Anyone who has ever worked as a researcher or tabloid reporter will know the feeling of exploiting the weak and dim-witted. It is to Johnson's credit that he comes out and admits it. But still the stories are hard to stomach, no more so than when he admits to blackmailing a Liverpool footballer to admit that his mum was dying of cancer.

Johnson goes into more detail on his tactics on the online magazine *Vice*: "Using a really harsh form of emotional blackmail: going to him and saying, 'Listen, we know that your mum's got cancer. You don't want to speak about it. We don't care about that, you tell us or we're gonna put it in the paper, anyway. Had to kind of bluff him that we knew this was true. It was a really shameful dance I had to go through. I had to go to this small two-up-two-down in Liverpool and covertly bully him in his living room, while his mum was hiding in the kitchen. Then she came out. He kinda had to wheel her out, like one of those women in a concentration camp or something, who was getting an inspection, and say, 'Look, here's me mum, she's alive. She hasn't got cancer.' I had to look her up and down and interrogate her. It was a really terrible thing that I did."

He told *Vice*: "I was kinda like a *News of the World* enforcer-type person – [one occasion involved the] brother of a really famous soap star who was also married to a huge rock star. The allegation was that the brother was on drugs and he was selling a bit of gear on the side. The only problem was we hadn't proved it. So my job was to go round and literally kick in his door and drag him out and put him under so much pressure that he would kinda fold under questioning and admit it. Me and this ex-SAS person, who was with me."

The *Vice* interviewer asks: "Did you actually boot it in, then?"

"I gave it a good go. I was with a middle-aged veteran *News of the World* photographer and even he was scared with all the noise and commotion and the violence involved. And, you know, shouting through the letterbox, it's like a form of psychological warfare. It's a form of swarming. I know that if I turn up on your doorstep and I shout through the letterbox and kick your door in, am really intimidating and keep it up for a long time, it's like being tortured, a bit. There's lots of evidence to back this up if you read all the American military manuals on it, which I've read and got it all from. It's called reverse engineered survival techniques.

"The Americans use it in Guantanamo and it does work. You can create a hurricane in someone's mind and they become susceptible to making confessions. That was my job to do that. I know of another case where a *News of the World* reporter pretended to be – and this is a criminal offence – a copper, booted in someone's door and staged a fake police raid in order to rattle someone."

He went on: "There was a culture of fear at the *News of the World*. Editors didn't have to make it explicit about what they wanted. We knew what was wanted, and it was down to us to find a way of doing it. Some people were very creative. Some people would break the law, pull records, did phone hacking.

"What I used to do, this is another example of swarming, the CIA do this: there was a woman, she was a fraudster who'd pretended she had cancer in order to set up a charity to raise money for herself. Only she didn't really have cancer. We pulled the medical records, but she wouldn't admit it and you need a confession. So I paid a load of freelance photographers to swarm her, to bang on her door, hose her down with flashes, bang on her windows – to be really intrusive. Then I turn up and go, 'Listen, you can either talk to me, or you can talk to this pack of disgraceful, unruly press photographers. I'm the good guy, these are bad guys. What you gonna do?'"

On another occasion Johnson bought CCTV tapes of Wayne Rooney in a brothel for £200,000. Some sharp horse-trading went on

between the *Sunday Mirror* and Rooney's manager and the result was the *Sunday Mirror* agreed to leave some gory details out and juggle with the dates so it didn't look as if he was going out with Coleen McLoughlin at the time. Which of course he was.

Graham Johnson's time at the *News of the World* finally came to an end when he overreached himself over the surreal story of the Beast of Bodmin Moor in which he and a photographer stunted up a picture of the alleged beast – which was in reality a puma from a wildlife park. On this occasion his bosses took his 'exclusive' so seriously they were going to spend £300,000 on a telly advert. But the scam came to grief when the photographer eventually broke down and confessed all.

With his star fast falling he fell back to tilting at windmills and the regular 'soft targets' on the far-right who could never sue or hit back in any way: "I did a long-running investigation called the *A-Z of Nazi Britain*. Exposing the hundreds of odd-bod far-right cranks. Hanging around under the surface of market towns and around suburbia up and down the land. Extreme right-wing Catholics such as The International Third Position. Front groups such as the Crusaders for the Unborn Child. Fascists who sent Christmas cards with pictures of Himmler on. When the paper lost interest I even went to a secret training camp in Poland off my boat. Narrowly escaping a good thrashing after being rumbled around the camp fire for not knowing the words to the Horst Wessel song."

In the end our hero even loses his job at the *Sunday Mirror* and is done down not by his nefarious deeds but the changing tastes of tabloid editors. Gritty, expensive investigations of gay MPs, paedophiles and terrorists are out while celebrity culture with its PRs, agents and fabricated 'stars' were in.

He is very good about explaining the three-way horse-trading that was pioneered by Rebekah Brooks in which the hapless 'celebrity' – usually a three minute wonder *Big Brother* contestant – was carried off. "The basic pitch was 'We'll take out the cocaine bit out if you cough to the shagging.'"

But there is another reason for our hero's downfall. Crucially he picks up a book – in his case Noam Chomsky's – and reads about how consent is manufactured. After mulling over this Graham realises that he has been in the distraction business which is as old as the bread and circuses of Ancient Rome.

He begins to analyse stories through Noam Chomsky's 'propaganda model' which says that certain establishment corruption stories are permitted as 'acceptable dissent'. It all comes over as very half baked. What comes over clearly is that there were nineteenth century coal miners who had deeper reading and a deeper understanding of the situation than Graham Johnson. He becomes a push-button lefty of the painful kind.

This book would have made a better film than Irvine Welch's stories of Edinburgh smack-heads and it would have been far more representative of the hypocritical, corrupt excesses of the celebrity-drenched Fleet Street culture of the last two decades. But it got surprisingly little traction. The reason I think is that it was too honest and Fleet Street closes ranks when something important is at risk – such as its own corruption.

But Graham Johnson suffered from a fatal flaw that has destroyed more journalist careers than drink or drugs or the failure to tell the difference between truth and lies. His problem was that he was a little too curious for his job and he began to ask himself searching questions. The key to being a tabloid reporter is to be smart enough to do it and dumb enough not to ask any unhelpful questions. Self-awareness costs jobs.

Eventually he seems to have cracked up and sought redemption through philosophy and stoicism. He resolved to be a better reporter than ever. Today free of Fleet Street and refreshed and rehabilitated with a ton of therapy and loads of self-help books under his belt, Johnson is as busy as ever churning out tabloid style true crime books about the gangs and the drug wars of the north west. Truly it was written: "Like a dog that returns to his vomit is a fool who repeats his folly."

Jake Grant, London, England

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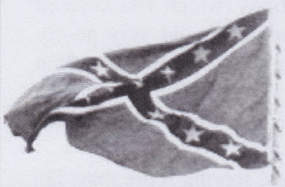

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Letters From Readers

Sir – In your last issue (*H&D* 57) Fred Blackman asks if he "struck the first English blow against Germany", at the Holy Cross convent in Ramsgate in 1939? Well maybe he did, as boys will be boys – whether English or German. However, the first two official casualties of World War Two were both nationalists like Mr Blackman.

They were members of Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists (BUF). Twenty year old AC2 Ken Day and twenty-two year old AC2 George Brocking, both Royal Air Force ground crew acting as volunteer air gunners for the day, died together when their Wellington L4275 was blown out of the sky during a bombing raid by six RAF No. 9 Squadron aircraft from Honington Air Base, Suffolk, on German battleships at the mouth of the Kiel Canal. Both died on September 4th 1939 – the second day of the war.

The body of young Ken Day was picked up ten days later by a cargo steamer between Elbe Lightships I and II and buried two days later with full military honours at Cuxhaven Cemetery. The body of his comrade George Brocking was never found and his name is inscribed on the Royal Air Force Memorial at Runnymede, just one of the 20,547 RAF airmen from World War Two with no known grave.

My late father, who also was a BUF member, served in the Royal Navy. He was one of the lucky ones though and came home in one piece in 1945. He often said of those who did not return, that they were fortunate, as they did not live to see the country they loved descend to the state of a Banana Republic, that looks in parts more like Africa or Asia than England. They did not choose to live and shame the land from which they sprung. And while many brave young men died believing they were fighting in a just cause, it does not slight their memory for us to say of those who fought and died knowing it was an unnecessary war that 'Theirs was a greater glory'. No more Brother's Wars.

Yours sincerely,

Alison Henry, Grantham, Lincolnshire

Sir – In the recent Australian elections (which you covered in *H&D* issue 57) "nationalist" candidates did very poorly despite the strong feeling in the community that immigration is too high. Most candidates for the House of Representatives scored less than 1% and only One Nation in NSW obtained more than 1% in the Senate.

Australia First (AF) stood in eight NSW seats, scoring more than 1% in the three outside Sydney. They also got more than 1% in Port Adelaide. but not in Deakin (Victoria). Australian Protectionist Party (APP) had two candidates in WA and one in Victoria, all below 1%. Neither fielded Senate teams in most states and the best was 0.25% for AF in Queensland.

One Nation (ON) stood in four Queensland seats, less than 1% in all four. In NSW ON stood in eleven seats, scored more than 2% in six seats and above 1% in four others. The Senate vote in Queensland was 0.6 % and in NSW only 1.2%. The Senate team in the latter was headed by Pauline Hanson, a perpetual candidate who no longer has any polling power.

The Stable Population Party (SPP) started their first campaign with high hopes, but the results were a complete disaster. They stood in ten House of Representatives seats and did not get 1% in any of them. In the Senate they got 0.4% in the ACT, Tasmania and the NT. In the rest they averaged 0.1%. So why the poor results? The usual reasons – late endorsement of candidates, lack of resources, the mainstream media carefully ignores them and fragmented effort. The anti-immigration effort is divided into four parties, each was ineffectual on their own.

AF, APP and ON have some common ground; apart from restricting immigration they wish to preserve traditional Australia from multiculturalization and globalization. However there are different policies outside those aims and there are personality clashes. You need a strong personality to be in a party which is vilified by the immigration lobby as at best xenophobic and at worst racist. The history of such parties in Australia and abroad is of splintering. Whether they can even cooperate is doubtful, but maybe they could give some consideration to a loose federation, with common press releases and a spokesman available to the media on topical issues, but limited to population. There could be a federation website. The spokesman and webmaster could not be a member of any party.

The SPP tried a different tack. The SPP appears to be so concerned as to not be called xenophobic that it carefully avoided mentioning its zero net immigration policy in the campaign. The candidates were excellent, most with a proven track record in conservation movements. But to the public and to the media they stood for nothing except a concern about the stresses that high population increase creates, without specifying a remedy. The SPP has the advantage of being a single issue party, the ideal vehicle for a protest vote against high immigration if it cares to identify itself as such. Undoubtably it would then be unjustly called xenophobic by the high immigration lobbies.

But politics is a dirty game, smears and lies are inevitable. The SPP is deluding itself if it can make headway by continuing the present course of (in?) action. As Harry Truman said;"If you can't stand the heat in the kitchen, get out."

Yours sincerely,

David Astin, Brompton, South Australia

Sir – For God's sake get your act together chaps – there's not one person in our government with an ounce of common sense – and we all know it! If they have – they are keeping mighty quiet about it! We should be able to run rings round them, between the lot of us, just look at the Ukraine!

I have just said (at length) to others in my local club – it is only us in our 70s and 80s who have a brain, some spirit and Lord Help Us, maybe some initiative – so where is it? Why are we allowing these morons in Westminster to walk all over us and the whole population?

The Scottish fiasco, the immigration fiasco, the Wind Farm fiasco, throwing massive amounts of our money into the EU, Foreign Aid we cannot afford, the lies about our economy – saying we are broke, yet can still apparently spend billions on HS2 and other blatantly obvious 'white elephant' projects, building hundreds of thousands of houses – on Green Belt farming land! For whom, exactly.....? Hmm? Without immigration, we have a reducing population and still well below sufficient land to feed ourselves anyway! Ye Gods....what are they thinking about?

Scotland, through Alex Salmond is actually dictating to us the terms he will use on Independence – "we will keep the pound and we will keep the Queen!" Like – who says? Not me.....he should paddle his own canoe – you are either in, or you're out, matey!

When are all us English going to get our act together? Twenty plus disparate Groups who can't even agree on Tea, Coffee or Chocolate! The boat is sinking and yet people still keep drilling holes in it! Give me strength! Talk among yourselves – I'm now thoroughly fed up with all of it! Tell me what action you all decide to take – if you can!

Best Regards,

Stan Potter, Suffolk, England

Sir – A Proclamation to the National Right-Wing Forces of the World. The revolutionary situation in the Ukraine is becoming aggravated – the Yanukovych regime continues to maintain resistance. The most active participants of the revolution – the nationalists – are in the greatest danger now. Different misinformation against them is being spread by pro-government mass media

Many active participants in the protests have been imprisoned. The arrests are still in progress, people disappear, communications are disabled. If the revolution should be defeated, the nationalists, who took an active part in the protests, will be subjected to the cruel repression by government.

Nevertheless we plan to prosecute our struggle to the end and to victory. All

the people are very determined. We address an appeal to persons holding the same views all over the world.

Brothers and sisters! We have began to form self-defense squads! More and more like-minded persons, who share our ideas, join us everyday. We need your help. We address an appeal to all the people, who are not indifferent to the ending of the revolution, to come to Ukraine and support our struggle! We call to you for informational help – hard, unbiased media coverage of our struggle, because this is very important now!

There is a need for warm clothes, food, drugs, communication facilities, means of self-defense etc.! Financial support is urgent! We appeal to you to organize this help. Only together, marching in united ranks, nationalists and revolutionaries of the whole world could carry on a successful struggle! We ask you kindly to contact us for more details.

Email – stavropigiya@gmail.com or – svd07@ukr.net

Long live the National Revolution!

Sergiy Chaplygin, Ukraine

Sir – Racism seems to cover both race and religion today in Britain and it is a trump card for those that seek to destroy our racial identity. Regularly our local press and contributing writers express concern regarding the high levels of racism. But does that concern include state-sponsored racism?

Fast tracking, whereby ethnic minorities benefit from positive discrimination. The generally positive media portrayal of immigration, unashamedly telling us how lucky we are that our previously dull lives have been enriched by foreign cultures. Up and down the country millions of tax-payers' pounds are invested into "ethnically-enriched" areas. Reporting of racist incidents are almost exclusively a story of someone from an ethnic minority (racial or religious) being on the receiving end and yet this is not a fair representation of racist acts in this country. The media and the police for years tried to suppress the news of Asian men grooming British girls. Violent attacks on British people, even when recorded on CCTV, are swept under the carpet and not pursued with anything like the vigour they would have, had they been the other way round. Of course no public outcry is whipped up by the media and politicians, on the contrary, they quickly push the mute button and pull the racist card should anyone demur. Even the *Daily Mail* never strays too far over the official line.

It is incontrovertible that these racist practices discriminate against the British people. Yet, evidently the collaborators among us think this is fair; they would surely speak up in defence of their children's future otherwise. What sort of parents can condemn their own children to living on an overcrowded island with poor employment and housing prospects as second class citizens? The answer to that of course is the ignorant who have been brainwashed by the ruling elite into accepting their lot, after all they are white and responsible for the world's ills.

Ominously all this, along with schools stripping our children of their culture and identity to make them more obedient and compliant to the establishment, is not enough to satisfy the author of a letter in our local newspaper (and no doubt those of similar thinking). He wants even more thought control; and in the home. He suggests in his letter " Perhaps the commencing point for correction is the family home.....". This is particularly illuminative. Does he advocate the Pavlov's dog method of conditioning our children; or a family correction programme, like the brutal fictional Ludovico technique as in Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*? Why not take babies away from their mothers at birth?

There certainly is a distressing level of racism in our midst and it is aimed at the native Britons.

Yours faithfully,

John Ings, Plymouth, England

Sir – For as long as the basis of decisions is the assumption that anyone disputing against Church, State or Science cannot have better merit, then of course dissent can only ever be identified as irrational.

Both the judge and the street thief can say they put in hours of work, but we would like to find out how the actions and decisions of each leave people locally.

Anyone can say they have a job to do as their excuse for failing to follow a course of justice which stands up to others' examination: they only add to the cloud of modern anti-merit propaganda argument.

By the end of 2013 even a mainstream television environmentalist guest in Britain can point out the question why two hundred years of science results in problems like menace to life itself. If individual writers take it that there is no right answer, because only power exists, then you need only ask whether or not one side is more reasonable than others in what is decided.

Giving up on answers then means that history writings carry on in an ivory tower of status.

Yours faithfully,

Jamie Begg, Worthing, Sussex

Sir – Nadine Dorries MP has called the Lib-Con leaders "posh boys." She claims they know nothing about the real world of British working folk. However, it seems to me the real "posh boys" are the trendy lefties.

They graduated from our seats of higher learning with Mickey Mouse degrees. These fitted them into Mickey Mouse jobs in the public sector of the British economy. Real drones!

Now dressed in bespoke, and swollen up with pride over their status, they jeer at us blue-collar Brits, and rubbish us with names of insult. They gather from all over the land to rant hate at us authentic working-class Brits. Adopting their practice of "mobocracy", they seek to drive us off the streets to prevent us from protesting over our long term unemployment and consequent poverty.

It escapes them that Leftism has utterly failed world-wide. Even in Vietnam they've become arrogant racists who persecute the Montagnards (mountain folk), and sneer at them as backward and primitive because they seek to hold onto their old traditional way of living.

Yours faithfully,

Harry Mullin, Glasgow

Sir – I am growing quite concerned regarding the number of people who place adverts or contact details in nationalist publications and then don't bother to reply.

The latest being the BDP. I wrote to them a month ago, regarding the feature in *H&D* 57 – I even enclosed a large SAE for their reply. However none came, which I consider very rude.

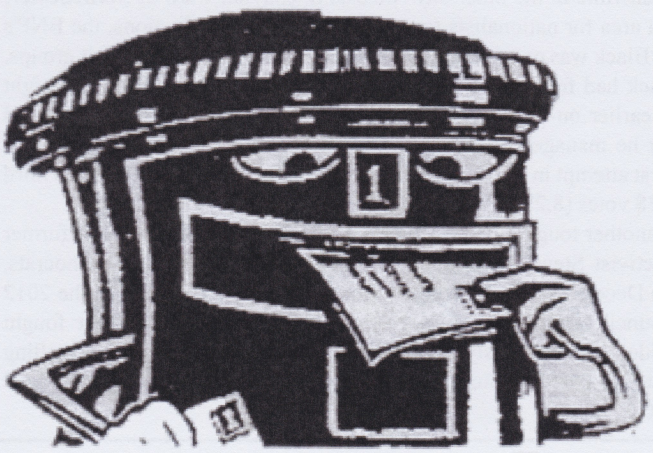
It seems the BDP are simply going to be the BNP under another name, a social club for a hand-picked bunch of like-minded individuals, with of course a few deluded souls (like myself) to send in donations: not that that's ever likely to happen now. The ignorance on their part has finally convinced me the political party approach to nationalism is (for me, at least) over.

Not replying to a letter of enquiry rather defeats the point of placing adverts, or giving contact details in the first place, and some of us peasants without internet access rely on publications like *H&D* for all our info on the movement.

Yours faithfully,

K. Roberts, Cumbria, England

Editor's reply: This is not the first time the BDP have failed to reply to enquiries. In my humble opinion it rather beats the point. You would have thought a small new political party - like the BDP - would have been keen to recruit new members, but I guess not.



Movement News Update

On November 14th the once mighty **Stoke** BNP, who once could realistically target their city council as having the potential to become the first nationalist-controlled council in England, were humbled in a by-election for Baddeley, Milton & Norton ward, where the incumbent Labour councillor had been forced to resign due to fraud charges. Despite these favourable circumstances, the BNP's Michael White failed to attract a significant protest vote, finishing sixth with 79 votes (3.0%), down from 8.3% in 2011. No direct comparison can be made with Stoke BNP's peak years before 2011, as ward boundaries have been completely changed.

Curiously UKIP also failed to make a real impact here, finishing fourth with 12.5%. The winners were the City Independents, who consolidated their position as the main opposition to Labour on Stoke City Council, now holding ten seats. The BNP of course have no seats in Stoke, having lost their last five in 2011.

A week later on November 21st the collapse of another former BNP stronghold was revealed when the party failed to contest Golcar ward, **Kirklees**. This had been part of a circle of council areas either side of the Pennines which were the core of the BNP's emergence as a serious electoral force just over a decade ago. The BNP were twice runners-up in Golcar, polling 22% in 2006 and a fraction higher in 2007. Yet this had fallen to just 6.6% by 2011, and the Kirklees branch disappeared soon afterwards.

UKIP contested Golcar for the first time in this November by-election, finishing third with 13.5%. The winners were the Liberal Democrats, who are in freefall in most of England, but here once again demonstrated the unpredictability of Pennine politics.

UKIP leader Nigel Farage with former NF member Victoria Ayling, the latest UKIP councillor to embarrass his party

On November 28th the **St Helens** branch of the BNP, who have continued to plug away despite the collapse of most other branches, contested Billinge and Seneley Green ward, which they had last fought at a previous by-election in October 2010. On that occasion they had polled 141 votes (6.2%), a respectable enough showing in what has never been a strong nationalist area. Three years on BNP candidate Alan Brindle polled 73 votes (4.0%), with first time UKIP candidate Laurence Allen taking 442 votes (24.0%).

December 5th was a busy night for students of nationalist election results, with four candidates for various parties. The BNP's Alwyn Deacon, who once presided over a thriving West Midlands region, fought Arbury ward, **Nuneaton & Bedworth**. In 2008 the BNP polled 18.2% here, falling to 9.4% in 2010. This year Mr Deacon faced opposition from both UKIP and the English Democrats, who fielded a former Conservative candidate, Stephen Paxton. With a much diminished BNP activist team, Mr Deacon attracted only 35 votes (3.6%). Surprisingly UKIP only took 11.1%: most of the former nationalist protest vote clearly went to the Conservatives, who achieved a rare by-election gain from Labour. The one crumb of comfort for Nick Griffin's party (as elsewhere in recent by-elections) was the utter humiliation of the English Democrats, who finished bottom of the poll with only 6 votes (0.6%).

Meanwhile in the inner city Ancoats & Clayton ward of **Manchester**, a tough area for nationalists (or anyone else) to fight elections, the BNP's Gareth Black was one of ten candidates, including two rival far left groups. Mr Black had fought this same ward in a previous by-election just eight weeks earlier on October 10th, gaining 58 votes (3.3%). At the second attempt he managed 46 votes (2.7%). UKIP had finished runners-up at their first attempt in October's by-election, but in December slipped to third with 138 votes (8.2%).

In another tough inner city area – Riverside ward, **Liverpool** – former BNP activist Steven McEllenborough stood for the English Democrats, also on December 5th. He had previously contested this ward at the 2012 city council elections, polling 103 votes (3.1%). Having never fought Riverside ward previously, UKIP contested this year's by-election, polling 119 votes (8.0%) and pushing Mr McEllenborough's vote down to just 9 votes (0.6%).

When even an experienced candidate such as Mr McEllenborough polls such a low vote, the writing must be on the wall for the English Democrats, to whom several prominent former BNP officials such as Eddy Butler and Chris Beverley had flocked a couple of years ago. Mr Beverley still intends to contest next year's European election in the Yorkshire region as an English Democrat, but he must now realise that he made a terrible mistake, wasting an opportunity to make a valuable contribution to post-Griffin nationalism.

Former Glasgow BNP organiser Charles Baillie has become a perennial candidate for the tiny Britannica party, which he formed in 2011 with a handful of fellow ex-BNP activists after quitting Nick Griffin's party in 2010. On December 5th he fought the Shettleston ward on **Glasgow** City Council, where he was one of twelve candidates! Back in 2007 the BNP had managed 268 votes in this ward, but Mr Baillie polled just 31 votes (0.8%) this time. On the same day in the Stoodley ward of **Todmorden** Parish Council, former BNP North West organiser Chris Jackson took 59 votes (11.6%) for the National Front. Though we do not normally report results at the parish level, this might be the last NF candidature allowed for some time, due to problems with electoral registration (see below).

UKIP continues to present the most serious challenge to the mainstream parties, and are now most bookmaker's favourites to win the highest share of the vote at next year's European elections. Opinion polls in December 2013 put UKIP between 7% and 18%: a result anywhere in this range, if repeated at a general election, would make UKIP the most successful smaller party in recent English history.

Excluding Ulster elections and Scottish and Welsh nationalists, it has been very rare for a minor party either to win a parliamentary seat or to poll more than 2% or 3% nationwide. George Galloway of the Respect party (a coalition of leftists and anti-war Muslims) has twice been elected to the House of Commons, and Green Party leader Caroline Lucas won a Brighton seat in 2010. Otherwise the only MPs from outside the major parties have been elected by local single-issue protest groups, or as independents after falling out with one of the main parties – until you go back to the Second World War and immediate postwar period, when the Communist Party and the far left Common Wealth movement won several elections.

So no one should underestimate the scale of UKIP's achievement, and the historic turning point that would be reached if Nigel Farage's party were either to win the largest share of the vote at the 2013 European elections, and/or win a Westminster seat at the 2014 general election, or expose the electoral system to ridicule and inevitable reform by taking more than 10% of the nationwide general election vote without winning a seat.

That said, fundamental problems with the UKIP project are now becoming obvious. After their great success at the county council elections in May, UKIP has won only three local by-elections this year. Two of these were achieved during UKIP's blaze of media publicity immediately after the May elections: Cliftonville East ward, **Thanet**, and Rawmarsh ward, **Rotherham**. The third was Crockenhill and Well Hill ward, **Sevenoaks**, a seat which UKIP gained in a September by-election but which was very unusual due to the high personal vote taken by the former incumbents.

Not only is this a relatively modest record for a party that aims to be top of the pile next June (comparing unfavourably with the BNP at its peak a decade or so ago), detailed analysis shows up a further problem. UKIP too frequently fails to capitalise on its initial impact. The positive side is that the party is regularly fighting new areas and achieving impressive first time results. The negative side is that UKIP branches very often fail to build on some of their best results, and fail to sustain a serious challenge that could create target constituencies.

Compounding this general failing is a particular geographical and social problem. As noted above, UKIP succeeded in winning a council by-election in the former BNP stronghold of Rotherham, and UKIP candidates in four parliamentary by-elections since 2011 in the north of England have shocked pundits by finishing runners-up to Labour: 21.7% in Rotherham, 24.2% in South Shields, 11.8% in Middlesbrough and 12.2% in Barnsley Central.

Yet there remains a perception that UKIP is a neo-Thatcherite, Toryish party whose orientation is mainly towards Southern England, and whose

policies (outside Euroscepticism and a wishy-washy version of immigration/asylum reform) have little long-term appeal to White working class voters in the post-industrial north. At this year's county council elections, while gaining a total of 147 seats across southern and eastern England, UKIP won only two seats north of a line drawn across the Midlands. The party won two seats in traditionally Tory North Yorkshire, but has zero representation on county councils in Lancashire, Cumbria, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire or Warwickshire. The Rotherham by-election victor remains UKIP's only election winner at borough council level in the north.

In those areas where UKIP has already made a serious electoral breakthrough, this has sometimes been a mixed blessing. Notoriously, UKIP representatives in the European Parliament have been a troublesome bunch: no fewer than five of the thirteen UKIP MEPs elected in 2009 have either quit the party or been forced to resign. David Campbell Bannerman and Marta Andreason defected to the Tories; Mike Nattrass and Nikki Sinclaire now sit as independents, as does Godfrey Bloom.

Many of these splits have concerned personal rivalries or criticisms of Nigel Farage's autocratic style of party management. At council level, UKIP's problems have increasingly touched on a deeper underlying crisis of identity: to what extent should UKIP concern itself with racial matters, whether explicitly or via U.S.-style "dog whistle" politics.

For some in the party, UKIP's hostility to the European Union reflects a form of libertarian conservatism: they not only object to being bossed around by an expanding European superstate, they object in principle to the size of the modern state *per se*. This sometimes implies a pro-immigration stance: a country should take in as many immigrant workers as the market will stand. (In practice this means favouring immigration to bring down wages and undermine trade unions.)

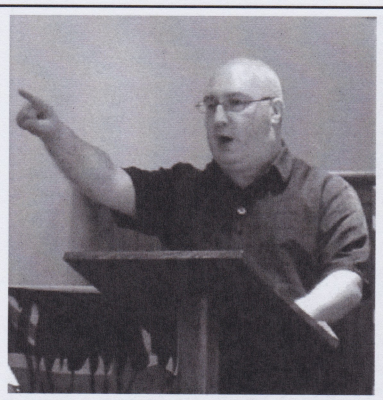
Extreme libertarians are a small minority in UKIP, but the market liberalism of the party's mainstream combines with pusillanimous flinching from racial reality to enforce a "colour blind" approach, even when the need to tackle the immigration and asylum crisis is acknowledged. The largely unspoken implication is that UKIP's immigration restrictions would mostly penalise Whites, while leaving the multiracial society intact.

The problem of course is that while UKIP's leadership are liberal on race (either by conviction or by a perceived need to conform to mainstream media censorship), most of UKIP's target voters are racial realists – and a significant number of their members and grassroots activists are racial nationalists, sometimes with a record of involvement with militant racial nationalist parties or movements.

The latest such case involves one of UKIP's highest profile recruits from the Conservative Party. Victoria Ayling came within 700 votes of winning Great Grimsby for the Tories at the 2010 general election, but was never a natural supporter of Prime Minister David Cameron and quit to join UKIP in March this year at the start of the county council election campaign.

She was elected as one of sixteen UKIP county councillors in Lincolnshire: initially one of the strongest party groups in the country. As mentioned in our previous issue, the group soon split over allegations of online "racism". Cllr Ayling remained loyal to party leader Nigel Farage, but six of her colleagues on Lincolnshire County Council were forced out of the party. Some of these former friends regarded Cllr Ayling as a hypocrite, since while they had been demonised for "racism", she remained a crony of the party leader despite having been a member of the National Front!

The scandal broke in the pro-Conservative *Mail on Sunday*, which has clearly decided to follow the Downing Street line that UKIP must be destroyed to give the Tories a chance of re-election. The paper revealed that Cllr Ayling made numerous anti-immigrant and even "racist" comments in an online video made in 2008, commenting "I just want to send the lot back, but I can't say that." Her views are unsurprising, given that she joined the National Front in 1977 (the same year as *H&D*'s editor Mark Cotterill, who briefly knew her at the time). According to Mrs Ayling's own mother, "Victoria was a member of the National Front and she went to marches and rallies. She didn't hide the fact that she was going to meetings."



Kevin Bryan claimed the succession as NF Chairman, but has been refused recognition by the Electoral Commission

So far Mrs Ayling has insisted that she only attended NF meetings because she was required to do so as part of a course at Southampton University. This ludicrously feeble excuse has been accepted by the UKIP leadership, who said in a press statement that Mrs Ayling's studies "required her to attend meetings from both sides of the political spectrum."

A former NF colleague dismissed the cover story: "Before she went to Southampton she was going to National Front meetings. She was attending meetings while she was doing A-levels. She never mentioned to me that she doing anything as part of her studies, she was going because she wanted to."

Between 1977 and 1979 Mrs Ayling attended numerous NF meetings in Croydon, which at the time had active branches of both the Front and the breakaway National Party. Strangely enough it is one of the few areas that still has an active NF branch today!

Unfortunately today's NF – though still bravely flying the flag for racial nationalism in some of the darkest corners of modern Britain – is a shadow of the 1970s party, and has been further weakened by internal divisions during recent months. Just before this issue went to press, we learned that these divisions have (for the time being at least) prevented the NF from functioning as a legal political party.

We understand that early this year a dispute developed over questions of NF finance and organisation, pitting chairman Ian Edward and membership secretary Steve Rowland against treasurer Nick Walsh and veteran nationalist Mike Easter. The latter were backed by several branches in the North West and Yorkshire; the former were backed by branches in East and West London and Essex, including former BNP security officer Bernadette Jaggers.

Ian Edward sought the expulsion of Mike Easter for allegedly asking where a sum of (NF) money had gone, and according to his opponents he resigned after failing to secure sufficient backing for this move. The rival faction appointed North West activist Kevin Bryan as Mr Edward's interim successor, and after elections to the NF Directorate a few weeks later, the new Directorate confirmed him as chairman. Key London NF officials Richard Edmonds and Tess Culnane initially remained neutral in the dispute, but finally rallied behind the new leadership of Kevin Bryan and David Mcdonald.

One insuperable difficulty is that whichever side one backs in the NF's internal dispute, there can be no doubt that Kevin Bryan could not constitutionally be appointed as chairman, and therefore cannot be recognised by the Electoral Commission, as is now required by UK law.

This is because (unlike the BNP and most other parties) the NF does not have a directly elected chairman. Party members elect the Directorate, who then elect the chairman – but the latter must himself be a valid member of the Directorate at the time of this election. Kevin Bryan was not a Directorate member. Once his allies comprehended the problem, they tried a blatantly transparent device of appointing him as regional organiser for Thames Valley and Home Counties North – even though he had no link to this region, and in any case this area did not have sufficient NF branches to qualify as a party region.

So by the end of 2013 the Electoral Commission was still recognising Ian Edward as NF chairman, even though the majority of the Directorate sided with Kevin Bryan. The party will not be able to function legally until the matter is resolved, probably at great expense through the courts.

Outside the partisan arena, several NF members joined 50 nationalists from many different groups including the New Right, BNP, BM, New British Union and BDP in a protest organised by New Dawn outside the Greek Embassy on November 9th.

I was the guest speaker at this protest rally, where I pointed out that having already used legal methods of oppression across Europe, and well-financed blanket propaganda across the White world, our enemies were now turning to the bullet, with the murder of Golden Dawn activists Manolis Kapelonis and Giorgos Fountoulis. A full report on the Greek crisis will appear in the next *H&D*.

Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

Movie Review: *Thor: The Dark World*

Released UK – October 2013; UK distribution by Walt Disney Studios/Motion Pictures; Director Alan Taylor; running time 112 minutes; Rated 15; Available on DVD February 2014.

I was planning on reviewing *A Belfast Story* for this issue, but thanks to hardly any cinemas outside of Northern Ireland or London showing it, and the DVD not being available until mid-January, paramilitary fans will have to wait until our next issue to see this Loyalist blockbuster.

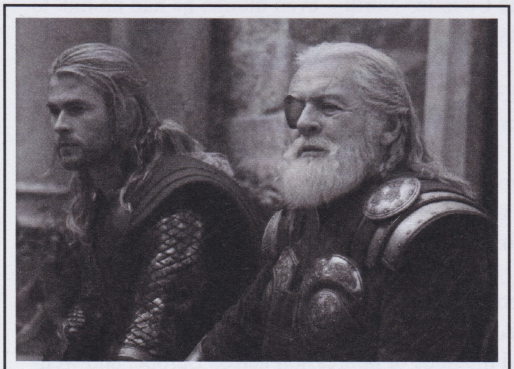
After reviewing *Thor* (see *H&D* issue 45*)* I claimed I would not be rushing out to see *Thor 2* – if there was such a movie. However, as the sequel is called *Thor: The Dark World,* and as I never rushed (I caught the very slow 88C bus from Preston Bus Station to Preston Docklands, where the Odeon Cinema is located) to see it, I think I'm off the hook here!

As Nigel Farage may find out after May's Euro-elections; bigger is not always better. *Thor: The Dark World* pumps up the action and special effects, but loses some of the human element that made the original *Thor* movie – made in 2011 – something charming and unexpected. True, this sequel gets better as it goes along, but that's a very steep climb just to arrive at "not too bad."

That something has gone awry is obvious from the first moments, when we are dropped into the midst of a battle scene, with no idea who is fighting who, why they're fighting, which side is which, or why we should care! Just a few minutes after that, we reconnect with Thor again played by my favorite Ozzie actor Chris Hemsworth, who is shown doing that thing he does best – swinging his hammer and killing everybody that gets in his way. It's all rumbling and explosions, just the usual action fare movie buffs like us would expect.

Perhaps the differences between the original and the sequel can be attributed to the directors. The first *Thor* was directed by Kenneth Branagh and Joss Whedon, whose vast interests extend from fantasy adventure to Shakespeare. *Thor: The Dark World* was directed by Alan Taylor, a respected TV director (*Game of Thrones,* and *The Sopranos* being two of his best) in his first attempt at a movie blockbuster on the big scene.

There is also the subliminal matter of the score, not an incidental aspect in this case. The music for *Thor* was composed by Patrick Doyle, who did all the scores for the Branagh Shakespeare movies, as well as for *East West* and *Bridget Jones's Diary.* The score for *Thor: The Dark World* was composed by Brian Tyler, who did the music for *Iron Man 3, Final Destruction 5* and *The Expendables 2.* While the difference between the two *Thor* movies isn't quite the difference between *Bridget Jones* and *The Expendables,* the truth is somewhere along that continuum.



Thor (Chris Hemsworth) *left* **and Odin (Anthony Hopkins) form an Anglo-Australian alliance to deafeat Malekith, who wants to destroy not only Asgard, but nine other planets, including Earth!**

However, back to the movie. *Thor: The Dark World* takes place in two distinct locations, across the universe. In Asgard, where Thor is the prince and heir apparent, the land is in turmoil, as the good king (Anthony Hopkins – need you ask?) finds himself in endless war with an evil enemy (how evil you may ask?) Malekith (Christopher Eccleston) who wants to destroy not only Asgard, but nine other planets, including Earth – as in modern-day, 21st century Earth.

The movie begins rather slowly with a ponderous narration by Anthony Hopkins' about how before there was light, there was "the darkness." He drones on to explain about the Dark Elves, how they were defeated and how order was restored to the Nine Realms.

Jewish actress Natalie Portman reprises her role as Jane Foster, an American scientist now working in London, who is searching for the point of gravitational connection between our planet and Thor's. In the process, she accidentally comes into possession of a red, churning substance that's eternal and all powerful. The rest of the movie is all about Jane and Thor working together to keep the red substance out of the villains' hands, and about their effort to – what else? – save the universe.

As in the earlier movie, most of the fun is contained in the Earth sequences, in the awkwardness of Thor's presence in the modern world, in the eccentricity of Stellan Skarsgard driven half mad by his discoveries, and in the expert dry delivery of Kat Dennings, as Jane's assistant. Asgard is a much more stodgy place, even stodgier than usual, with everyone suddenly talking like Yoda: "You must think I am a piece of bread that needs to be buttered so heavily," the king says to Thor. I think he means, "Are you buttering me up?"

The one bright light in Asgard is its darkest soul, Thor's brother Loki (Tom Hiddleston), who got all the brains in the Thor family but none of the virtue. He breezes along with an air of uneasy self-satisfaction, smug but not completely sure of himself, and thus more interesting. Actually, in character terms, Loki might be the only interesting person in the movie.

The battles are huge, but of mild impact, and this time the stakes are enormous, and yet impersonal. Thor and Jane already know each other, so there is none of the pleasure of watching them become acquainted. But still the heart and appeal of *Thor: The Dark World* is in that relationship, and as the movie wears on, and the focus shifts in that direction, the whole atmosphere improves – at least enough to soften the disappointment.

African-American actor Idris Elba again plays Heimdall – the all-seeing, all-hearing Asgardian sentry of the Bifröst Bridge, based on the mythological deity of the same name. But this time round there are no protests (on or offline) from the Council of Conservative Citizens (CofCC). Perhaps they are just too small now, or maybe they just can't be bothered?

Elba said he has a larger role in the sequel, "In the new film we're going to get to know Heimdall the Asgardian a bit better, and we're going to get to know Asgard a bit better. I can't say too much, but the expansion of Thor in his world is going to be huge. My part was very small and functional in the first film."

Scholars of Norse mythology (like our American deputy editor Martin Kerr) will be none too happy to see a negro playing Heimdall, but at the end of the day what can you do? Taking that into account it's still a decent movie, and was still just about worth the twelve quid the young Muslim girl on the cash register charged me to go in. If you missed it in your local cinema, I'm sure it will be out on DVD soon - and on the telly by next Christmas!

Reviewed by Mark Cotterill, Preston, Lancashire